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ULTRA MODERNISM IN MUSIC

BY
ED. DUNCAN

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By

EDMONDSTOUNE DUNCAN

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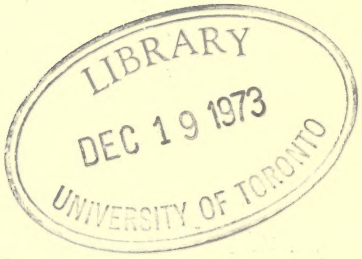

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PREFACE.

AT the time of writing, music has gone into khaki, and creeps about almost in silence where once she went erect with high fanfares into the very heart and heat of battle. The Spartan Pyrrhic dance made mimic war to a music of changing moods. Thracian flutes sounded the sword dance. And the armour dance called *Carpæa* had its flute music. Romans enacted the Sabine rape again and again, with martial trumpetings, for their own instruction. Do not the very names of such things as cradle-songs, epithalamiums (sung by a crowned muse), *danses macabres* (done in the cemeteries), and the *marches funèbres* testify that life without music was an unheard of thing.

> "For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound
> Who shall prepare himself to the battle?"

Music went hand in hand with all man's affairs—from the cradle to the grave. It was put to strange uses by the ancients, when it drowned the cries of sacrificial victims and the shrieks of the tortured. The Chinese amazed French warriors of 1857, by advancing bands of musicians to *frighten* them! it was an appeal to the legs, instead of the ears.

One thing is certain, music will never any more be the inspiration of deadly combats. And it is well it should be so. Its true place is in the heart of man. It cannot thrive in poisoned fields.* Art produces songs of joy and sorrow; things that belong to earth: songs of hate pertain to the lower regions. The passing of martial music was in the age of chilvalry and scarlet coats.

Happily there is still a whole world of music left. And its significance will grow and become ever more precious, as it interprets faithfully the soul of man. For the night shall pass and a glorious morning break on the vision of those who are here to see it.

The new music has made such extraordinary leaps and bounds in present and popular esteem that an apology for writing about it can no longer be necessary. Names like those of Scriabin and Stravinsky, most unfamiliar a few years ago, are rapidly becoming well known, if not household words throughout the country. And the ferment of excitement which their works recently produced, is already settling down into something more permanently useful.

It is a supreme virtue of the new music that it makes one discontented with unambitious stuff.

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* Ben Tillet in his message from the front in the *Royal Magazine* for August, 1915, puts it thus :—It is hell's orchestra in full blast, the bass note in the boom of heavy guns, the high crescendo in the shrieking and cursing shells as they speed on to Death ; the spit, spit of bullet, the hissing of howitzer and mortar shell, and the hoarse cries of men, the stampeding of horses, and the low moaning of wounded and dying.

The disatisfaction thus produced forces men to press forward to higher and better things. Whether or not (as some believe) we are on the very verge of important discoveries, the modern movement has already borne such fertile results as, properly to assimilate, must occupy our theorists and historians for generations to come.

As was pointed out not so long ago by Sir Edward Elgar, the quarter tones, in which only the smallest experiments so far have been made public, may at any time loom into importance and become an essential asset in the art of music.

Then more than ever we shall need to re-write not only our histories, but also all our theory books —from the new coign of vantage.

EDMONDSTOUNE DUNCAN.

Sale, Cheshire. November, 1915.

ULTRA-MODERNISM IN MUSIC.

CHAPTER I.

ULTRA-MODERNISTS in music are those daring spirits who put invention and imagination first, and precedent, convention and scholarship last. Their point of view is that of the pioneer; and only the untried absorbs them. They seem to be looking perpetually to the horizon—over the steeple and beyond the hill—away into the blue distance. And if they do look home, it is with strange glance, as if they suspected that the familiar things of life were all unreal. They gain in remoteness at the expense of their friends. One may go further and admit that they have enlarged the borders of musical utterance, until it resembles a new language. So much is clear gain, if we ignore the fact that it is the tendency of all language acquiring a new and vital impulse to leave the older speech stagnant and obsolete—pages for the scholar, but no longer of the *people's* tongue.

Here we need not look so far ahead. What is to come of it all, is not now our business. If the people make the new speech theirs, the older one will gradually pass, just as the works of Dunstable, Bull, and Byrd, once held invincible, have passed

beyond our reach, rendered obsolete by their own idiom, once the most cultivated thing of its kind in the world.

The ultra-modernist composer arrests attention by the very singularity of his speech. He means to be heard at any cost. In this matter he is not alone, since on every hand—dramatists, novelists, historians, poets, and painters are doing the same thing—attempting new combinations and defying the old notions of harmony colour and form.

It is as if a new spirit had been born into the kingdom of art—a spirit of adventure and humour, of a downright courage and chivalry, previously only guessed at.

The attitude of the ultra-modernist then is this. He proffers an art that has pleased his own soul. He cares nothing whether you or I like it. He has created fresh ideas all the way, and he is proudly conscious of the fact. It was first for himself: now, it is ours. Perhaps this was always the incentive of great music.

We see it most palpably in Purcell, Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Wagner, Berlioz and Franck, All these men wrote primarily for themselves.

Imagine Bach with his *48 Preludes and Fugues* trying to please a publisher. Conceive of Beethoven's *Hammerklavier* Sonata as a commission; or Schubert's "Unfinished" designed for anyone on earth but the composer himself. All Wagner's chief works were so many offerings to his own soul. Thus Bayreuth's first triumphs were wholly spiritual.

The point of view with our ultra-modernists is analogous, if not absolutely identical. And that it is a fruitful one, all history serves to show. For when the creative artist breaks with tradition and custom, he either discovers new realms, or pays

the penalty of his audacity. There is no retreat after having burnt his ships.

What precedent had Bach when he imagined his *Fantasia Cromatica*? It is a glowing extemporisation—for once, *written out.* Beethoven was adrift on the sea of speculation when he conceived those vast intellectual canvases—his later Sonatas and Quartets—which he never properly heard. And Wagner's world was only realised when he built Bayreuth.

On the other hand, Prince Venosa, who anticipated much extraordinary chromaticism, disappeared for ever from the goodly fellowship of the prophets.

Almost as important to a proper conception of the Ultra-modernist music is our own condition of mentality. If we approach it as a deliberately perverse act, a thing torn askew and rendered odd only for the sake of strangeness, a cynical, dishonest, poverty-stricken thought, purposely falsifying the values of musical speech, we merely stultify ourselves and set our faces against history. For all the great composers had their years of revolution. Their wars were our peace.

Bach roused the good church-folk at an early age by his remarkable extemporisations. Beethoven's contemporaries stamped with scornful foot on his novel encroachments. The wind-players of Mendelssohn's day indulged in laughter when Schubert's great C major Symphony was first rescued from obscurity—in London, as in Paris. And as for Wagner, English musicians were treated almost recently to an outburst of impatience or ill-feeling concerning so simple a thing as the master's well-known methods of working up a melodic climax. Mr. Runciman's deliberate estimate of *Parsifal* further proves that we have not yet put off our *niaiseries.*

It sometimes seems as if we overlooked the fact that noise is with us from birth. And music is simply a well-marshalled noise. The *word* was used familiarly for 'a band of musicians' with the Elizabethans—witness Shakspere's 'Sneak's noise.' The sound of any bell reminds us that some of the simplest looking things are in point of fact extraordinarily complex. Does the stream that winds down the hill-side make melody in sheer notes of rhythmic value? Is it the less beautiful for that? The tide sets with clamour, and sweeps home in majestic symphony, yet its *subjects* and *exposition* are happily not obvious.

The ear does not reject these voices of Nature, because they are not tempered to our scale. She rather welcomes them. And the ultra-modernist music is devoting shrewd attention to such things. Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony is a clear instance of a classicist drawing inspiration from the clouds. We hear the wind blow, the rain drop, and the thunder roll. Some go so far as to discover the lightning-flash. Wagner's Nature studies went still further. We have tone-pictures of the flowing Rhine, delicate delineations of the Dawn and Spring. We hear hounds baying, and the strange music of the alarmed flight of Valkyries. Above all, he gives us the eternal picture of man and woman communing together in passionate discourse. Familiar as is the picture—real or poetical—where was the musician's precedent?

Though every composer of music, from Troubadour days (and long before), must inevitably have attempted some such love-tableau—where was the precedent for this type of thing? The answer of course is—there was none. It was a chapter torn from the book of Wagner's life.

And our point is that the nearer we get to the

inner life, the better our music. Much of the older stuff was theatrical makeshift. And though the ultra-modernist also has his artificial moments, on the whole he is attempting a closer communion with nature, and a better interpretation of the human document than was formerly either purposed or possible.

The classical student will find no difficulty in following the new speech, if he will but patiently listen to it.

As Wagner grew from the classic tongue of the late Sonatas and Ninth Symphony of Beethoven to *Tristan*, the *Ring* and *Parsifal*—as Strauss traversed the circumscribed paths of the symphonists only to quit them for a land of freedom and fecundity, so may we, if we will, go forward in the sun and breeze of the passing day, leaving artificial lights and vaulty airs behind us. After all, the great things of the past are always within reach, when wanted.

Music has become more conscious of her powers. And although we do not make the mistake of supposing that because the language is developing and changing, that therefore modern masters are greater men than their predecessors, let it be clearly asserted that their work is worthy of our best sympathies. The ultra-modernists are unrolling a new vision before our eyes. If all we see does not please us: that is only in conformity with life and experience. Let us travel then in this new country, striving after the good, the true and the beautiful. The good is that which uplifts and purifies. The beautiful rivets attention by its inherent compelling force. Its spell, its aroma charms the soul through the senses. But what is *truth* in music? The answer to that question is the quest of history. And we need not attempt to anticipate it.

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE RENASCENCE CAME ABOUT—BEETHOVEN'S IMPATIENCE OF FORMAL RESTRAINT—MEN LEADING UP TO WAGNER AND BERLIOZ—THE REAL REFORMERS.

IN every important renascence certain phenomena are present which indicate the completed period and the opening of a new chapter of effort. Some great climax reached, the summit of some definite issue attained, the arrival of the perfect work, or the acceptance of the illusion—these are characteristic of a finished epoch, which invariably ends with a great man. But just as the mountain-climber, having completed an ascent, discovers higher peaks than his own, so aspiration unrolls a perpetual vision of the higher things of art. Palestrina closed the age of mediæval counterpoint, which Monteverde dashed aside, turning men's thoughts into new paths of dramatic expression. But as in the material world nothing is really lost, so is it with ideas; Bach restored what was of value in the older musical speech, moulding it to his will, putting it to finer issues, and convincing the world that there was some wonderful virtue in the old musical fabric when handled with originality and power. Bach's power as a reformer has been felt chiefly posthumously. Ages to come will probably learn of him. Schumann's word was no idle one—

'Music owes almost as much to Bach as Religion to its Founder.' Yet Bach cannot be said to have been directly concerned in any renascence, save that of sublime thought. And his use of counterpoint and fugue rather suggests antiquarian leaning, or perhaps (more logically) the mathematical mind, through which a rich and joyous soul looked steadfastly forth.

. Gluck's share in the establishment of a fine musical ideal was more immediately felt, since the things of the Stage are instant or not at all. Opera was the laughing stock of Europe until he put his hand to it, and restored order and beauty by such works as *Orfeo*, *Alceste*, *Iphigenia*, &c., preparing the way for Bayreuth by his increased observance of the natural drama in ideas, and by the recognition of poetry as an essential of Operatic art. Mozart's lively genius brought many rare qualities into the world of music. Sunlight and melody, such as it had never previously known, were of his gifts. Formal things in his hands were toys upon which to lavish his wit and affection. They also proved his perfect utterance. Opera he idealised to an extent that, to this day, the only works before Wagner's time, which can hold their own against Bayreuth, are his. But in spite of all this, Mozart was not abreast the real awakening. Beethoven was still to come. In the matter of early training he was practically Mozart's pupil, being so by conviction and natural admiration. He was drawn irresistibly after him, as with a magnet. And no wonder! Schubert came under the same fascination soon afterwards.

Beethoven's life-work brought about the central climax in musical history, though it was reserved for another to complete it. Working to a supreme ideal, and carrying the language of music leagues

beyond its former high-water mark, it was still his fate to stop short, just in sight of the promised land. He marshalled his mental forces of deep sentiment, noble imagination, and a highly-trained technique to the very borders of the new world, which (it is scarcely too much to say) he himself had discovered—then passed away, leaving others to develop the lines of thought he had indicated. A new race sprang up—smaller men at first, developing numberless *patois*, intimate *media*, convenient and short-lived. These assisted in the formation of that which, when the time and the man arrived, became consolidated in a great and noble language. Such was Wagner's achievement. But before the goal was reached, many side-issues had been tried, with more or less momentary success.

Schubert, for example, equipped at all points, commanding all weapons, excelled in one thing only as no one else before had ever done, and that was in dramatic song. This was a notable contribution to the new music when it came to its own, and one of which Wagner fully availed himself. The powerful declamation and method of weaving characteristic figure-accompaniment, essentials of the later dramatic music, owed much to Schubert's intuition. His pure rhapsody, born of emotion and carried out at white heat, is obviously one of the prime constituents of the dramatic tongue which was later to become the established vehicle of music's language. His handling of the orchestra—freer, more impulsive than Beethoven's, may also be allowed some conspicuous share in the renascence which eventually succeeded.

Here, too, Weber is of importance. No man preceding him had allowed the poetry of sheer

sound to utter more eloquent things. His finest thought invariably discovers itself in orchestral rhapsody. He was formalist enough to employ the Overture form for all his best inspirations, but he was still so much of a poet that through such thin disguise the soul of inspiration, especially orchestral inspiration, shines clear in terms of brilliance and resource.

Schumann, Chopin, Berlioz and Liszt are further to be considered in this connection. Chopin, taking Mozart's clear melodic outline as his ideal, rendered again his utterance with a thousand enrichments of harmony, rhythm and intimate poetry. In his most imaginative conceptions one traces the mood and the quality termed 'atmosphere' to a more pronounced extent than in any earlier writer. Both things are doubtless inherent of all modern music (you may find it, or hints of it, in old writers such as Byrd, Purcell and Bach), but scarcely before Chopin's time does any music so depend upon such elusive matters; nor are they elsewhere so well seen. In a word, Chopin's colour-painting, with its rich modulation and exquisite rhythmic quality, points to formal emancipation and a freer musical idiom, and by so doing paves the way for a fresh outlook.

Schumann, with a wider vision, touched many fine issues only to leave them undetermined. His piano music goes no further than Chopin's, nor is it so typical. It has nothing of the virility of Beethoven's. His songs are overmatched by Schubert's. His Symphonies lack the true orchestral instinct, and cannot compete with the higher technique. Thus time has robbed its favourite of many reputed successes, almost as surely as it has deprived Mendelssohn of immortal fame. Schumann's chief victory—against pedantry—history cannot gainsay.

He made it impossible for the *philistine* to live at ease; and in doing so accomplished a good work.

Berlioz—of versatile and original genius—scorned other men's methods, aiming at a musical speech of his own, something individual, characteristic and inspirational, somewhat after the manner of our own Carlyle's imagining. For a period his influence appeared to be dormant. But gradually his lofty ideals were more keenly appreciated. His vogue has therefore grown, and the impulse of his orchestral creations is everywhere a vital thing.

His brilliant and imaginative work deprived both the pedants of the Conservatoire and the meretricious favourites of the Parisian theatres of their effeminate successes. His Faust now towers far above Gounod's, almost as a forest-giant over some small fungus growth. This it does by virtue of a keen imagination and a never-flagging nobility of purpose. It must be confessed that much of his methods was highly experimental, and that to this day not all their virtue is exhausted. As an orchestralist pure and simple, he yields to no one; his scores open up new vistas beyond the dreams of feasibility. In referring to Faust, one must not be taken to imply that Goethe's poem was adequately dealt with from a dramatic point of view. That matters less to our historical narrative than the fact of Berlioz's music being great and sincere.

'He has the right,' says Weingartner, 'to be styled the father of the new modern school which is in force to-day, and whose representatives are generally in the greatest haste to attain new heights, and to achieve the strongest possible results.'

In its growth as a vital influence, the New Music, while destroying much effete stuff, has reinstated many earlier reputations. Bach belongs to the latter, just as do Handel and Mendelssohn to the

former classification. For what we call the New Music is only a larger and riper experience. It becomes also a touchstone by which the false is repelled, and the wholesome confirmed. Berlioz detested much of Palestrina, and makes deliberate fun of his 'diatonic complacencies.'

Our own William Byrd he would certainly have admired: for he would instantly have seized upon the progressive tendencies in the direction of chromatics, the livelier rhythm, and the picturesque melodies of the Virginal music and madrigals. What Berlioz really resented was the Palestrina *epoch*, with its mannered contrapuntal style. Such a man would naturally prefer the breezy ways of Elizabethan England, to the cloistered rule of the Vatican under Paul IV.

Highly individual people of the true fighting stamp tolerate only their own following, or (as an exception) a magnificent enemy. They can brook no ordinary rival. And at the first false step, a former ally is suspected of all enmity and treacherous malice. Hence it is that Berlioz and Wagner occupied different hemispheres. Berlioz the romantic, looking for affectionate sympathy and finding it not: Wagner demanding obeisance and often commanding it: how could such men of conflicting ideal, and racial ambitions, touch common ground? Berlioz, genius of the orchestra, one who changed the whole outlook and method of instrumental thought: Wagner, prophet of the drama, pioneer, inventor and discoverer of music's relation to — and expression of — action: such men were not likely to grow together. Two things however there were in common, for each had a great ideal; and in fulfilling it, each suffered a full share of coldness, neglect, ridicule and indifference. But whereas Wagner's inimical hosts

faded into nothingness, Berlioz's foes outlived him. Time however has put a period also to these.

Liszt was closely identified with the forward movement, from his first meetings with Berlioz Programme music, the class of art which deliberately follows or illustrates a poetical programme, found its first champion in Liszt. And if the bulk of his works is to-day losing ground, that does not alter the fact of their influence and importance at the outset of the modern renascence. Liszt's association with Wagner must be held to have strongly influenced the latter composer. One need only read Wagner's account of the pianist's interpretations of Beethoven's later Sonatas to realise the importance of this. Wagner was the first to recognize the master mind in his friend. Liszt proved himself heart and soul with the new movement, and did all in his power to foster it. The fact of Liszt having so freely acknowledged Victor Hugo's stimulating influence enforces the reflection that all great music owes something to the sister muse.

From earliest times, when the twin arts of poetry and music went hand in hand, controlled by one mind, as with the Troubadours, Minstrels, Minnesingers and Mastersingers, poetic influence has been profoundly essential to the divine art. As late as Elizabeth's day it was paramount in England, where such men as Richard Edwardes, Robert Jones, William Byrd, Thomas Campion and John Dowland expressed their thoughts as eloquently in the one medium as the other. This view is gradually becoming accepted by our literary editors, who no longer set down these musicians' verses as *anonymous*, as was done in the early days of 'The Golden Treasury.'

But the intimate relation of the arts does not

concern us directly until Goethe's time. He it was who (inspired of Shakspeare) sounded Apollo's lyre to such purpose that it awoke a thousand musical echoes. Beethoven heard it; and as the Germanic verse took a deeper spiritual tone and learned to know itself as it never before had done, so music in Beethoven's hands became transformed from a diverting pastime to a conscious and passionate language. Beethoven so defined musical speech and uplifted the whole art-structure that men were able to read with new vision the works of Bach, who before that day was as a sealed book to generations that had ignored him. Schubert owed much to the identical source, and from his first successes (as in the 'Erl-King') showed that he had drunk deeply of the founts of poetry.

And Hugo Wolf in his 51 settings of the same poet confesses an inspiration which is still unexhausted.

This is scarcely the place for a thorough technical examination of Beethoven's advances in rhythm, melody, form, chromatics, and the whole paraphernalia of musical composition; and we shall close the chapter with the observation that in due time the master, impatient of his own discoveries, ventured untried paths; and in so doing he lead directly towards the new music, which it was Wagner's mission to more thoroughly establish.

CHAPTER III.

France and the Modern Renascence.

FRANCE owes her emancipation from the thraldom of pedantic scholasticism and empty theatrical frivolity, to a twofold cause. There was a simple return to some of the ideals of her illustrious son, Hector Berlioz, which laid foundations of a great instrumental genre. There was also the speedy advent of a new and original thinker in César Franck, whose life and work constituted a great moral force in the kingdom of art. The ideals of these imaginative leaders did not largely coincide. They shared purity of aim, indifference to popular likes and dislikes, the cultivation of a thorough technique and the exercise of a lofty and ceaseless aspiration. Yet their outlook, in life as in music, was diametrically opposed. One viewed it from the point of the most brilliant stage lime-light, an expression of tremendous issues by means of hosts of men and instruments, a universe of tone in which giant voices and colossal deeds spake the wisdom of the world. First a composer, fearless and full of Promethean fire, then a wit, a secularist, a conductor and interpreter of parts, a musical colossus among men—that was Berlioz. The other, looking forth from a cloistered window of the mind, saw the vision of life, rich and beautiful, a thing of teeming wonder, to be interpreted only as the symbol of a spiritual world, a divine revelation of the common experience of life. This was Art's high priest,

César Franck. And the name, unlike that of Berlioz, stands for a definite following, including such men as D'Indy, Pierre de Bréville, Ernest Chausson, Arthur Coquard, Samuel Rousseau—*the five disciples* as Franck's biographer styles them—besides other famous pupils, Guy Ropartz, Henri Duparc and Guillaume Lekeu.

Converts to a cause are sometimes more zealous than the ordered faithful. France, once rid of her tiresome conservatism, with a new goal ahead and battle in the air, moved quickly towards new discoveries, outstripping, almost at a bound, all other European progress. Our brief chronicle will show that this result was incidentally largely the work of Claude Debussy, who, after some few preliminary concessions to the time, struck boldly out into new and individual paths. At his birth, French art was moving rapidly forward. Debussy was destined to focus its aim and to send it spinning along with added velocity. Behind it all was the influence of another. For it is not too much to say that both Franck and Debussy owe something to the genius of Bayreuth.* As M. Calvocoressi puts it 'after having profited by Wagner's achievement and example, and secured an independent footing, the French school asserted new ideals of its own

* Bruneau confirms this view with unexpected fulness. Speaking of the success of the decadents who had almost dealt a death blow to ideal music, he says, 'a German Wagner, a Frenchman Berlioz, and a Belgian who wished to belong to our glorious school and therefore became naturalised, César Franck, saved the art. The first knitted up the Beethoven tradition and welded together symphony and drama, the second (Gluck's ardent disciple), linked up romanticism and classic art; the third venturing further afield towards the past, joined the polyphonic riches of Bach with the treasures of a new-found harmony and melody. We cannot too deeply praise or venerate them.'

having little in common with his.' Let us now turn to the individual side of the matter.

César Franck's was one of those lives which, outwardly as simple as daylight, nevertheless show forth an inner richness and beauty beyond compare. Egoism had no place in him. His art was for all practical purpose a religion. It was the expression of the innermost vital flame—an intense spiritual striving. He could put others before self; and the greater part of each day seems to have been lavished upon pupils and friends. Order and system belonged as naturally to Franck as light to sunrise. Each day he meditated and resolved. Each night found him forging into durable shape the dreams and visions which were part of his being.

Apart from the works of Franck, the fruits of his teaching have become nobly manifested. 'Our father Franck is to some degree the godfather of the *Schola Cantorum*,' said Vincent d'Indy, adding that 'it is his method of teaching that we shall strive to continue and apply.' The same authority inspires these lines which bear upon our subject: 'Art is a microcosm which passes like the world itself through successive periods of youth, maturity and age; which never perishes, but continually renews itself. It is not a closed circle, but a spiral, perpetually ascending and progressing.' In another place d'Indy speaks more intimately of his master, showing in a word what was Franck's wonderful hold over the young spirits who came in search of the founts of knowledge: 'Undoubtedly Franck's art was all compounded of goodness and absolute sincerity, just as his teaching was all love and charity, and on this account it will live; for doubt and hatred, although they may sometimes have destroyed useful things, have never constructed

anything durable. Love and faith can alone conceive and bring forth an immortal work.'*

CÉSAR FRANCK, by birth Belgian, first saw light in Liège in the year 1822, and only became naturalised as a Frenchman during his 36th year. His life, however, was wholly lived in Paris, from the age of 14, when he exchanged the Liège conservatoire for that of the French capital. Moreover his influence was entirely exercised upon the rising musicians of that great art centre.

He came well prepared, and at a pianoforte examination, after playing Hummel's Concerto in A minor, he caused astonishment by cleverly (but superfluously) transposing a certain sight test a minor third down. The feat so upset the rigid principles of Cherubini that he withheld the prize. But to his honour, he later relented and awarded the young scholar a *grand prix d'honneur*—the only one known of its kind. As a student Franck won many important prizes, though for the *grand prix de Rome* he was not allowed to compete, his father wishing to keep him concentrated upon organ-playing. All was to no purpose, however, for, settled in Paris, young Franck at once plunged into the forbidden study.

In 1846, he produced (at the conservatoire) an Oratorio, *Ruth*, which in spite of some tendencies in the direction of Méhul and Meyerbeer, has distinct dramatic impetus and some decided originality, as in the duets for Ruth and Boaz in the third part. The work gained little attention at the time, though a quarter-of-a century later its virtues were enthusiastically lauded.

* *César Franck* (Vincent d'Indy—translated by Rosa Newmarch, p. 249, John Lane).—'Franck forms the natural link between classicism and the Polyphony to come.'—M. Mauclair.)

Franck pursued the even tenour of his way, teaching, playing the organ, and composing. His first good post was at the church of Saint-Jean-Saint Francois au Marais, where there was a good Cavaillé-Coll organ. Then he went to Sainte Clothilde, first as *maître de chapelle* and afterwards in the capacity of organist.

The history of his work at Sainte Clothilde reads almost like a romance. Franck's extemporizations recall those of Bach, so spontaneous, so profound, so natural an expression of character and life were they. His pupils were sometimes awe-stricken by their power and originality. We have d'Indy's authority for saying that here *The Beatitudes* were first planned. The idea of setting the 'Sermon on the Mount' to music had haunted him through life. In 1869 his first sketches were made. Ten years later the masterpiece was an accomplished fact. Meanwhile the war of 1870 had disturbed many of the musician's plans. Incidentally he anticipated Gounod and produced an oratorio on the subject of 'The Redemption.'

At Sainte Clothilde, Franck remained for over thirty years, in fact until his death. When his former master, Benoist, retired from the professorship of the organ at the Conservatoire, Franck was appointed in his place. A number of talented men were drawn by the master to his organ classes, which gradually became the rallying ground of a veritable school of composition. Here was the only place where symphonic writing was expounded and encouraged, since the Conservatoire recognised no form but that of opera. Franck's operatic labours were unlucky. *Le valet de Ferme* made him seriously ill, in 1853. It was neither performed nor published. *Hulda* (1885) and *Ghiséle* (1889) were both produced, posthumously, at Monte Carlo,

where they gained little success. The master's real dramatic work is found in works such as the *Quintet* in F minor of 1879, the oratorio *Les Béatitudes*, finished during the same year, or the Violin sonata, written for Ysaye in 1886. In England, more especially in provincial England, Franck is admired for his noble Symphony in D minor, which is a favourite with our orchestras. *Les Djinns* and the *Variations Symphoniques* are almost as popular. Their rich imagination, ripe orchestration and splendid novelty make them welcome in any modern programme. For *Les Béatitudes*, of which England has so far only had one performance, there is doubtless a future. Vincent d'Indy hails it as the long-expected masterwork which shall abide like sublime faith, and rising above the worldly agitations of to-day, reach as a fervent prayer to heaven. The individual note in Franck, that quality to which (according to Dukas) his music owes all its greatness, is no less visible in the Quartet in D major (1889) and the 'Three Chorales' (1890), his final work.

Franck's busy round of work was maintained with scarcely any interruptions until his death, in 1890. Chabrier's oration, on the occasion of the funeral, showed how deeply felt was the loss, by the pupils and friends of the master.

> 'Farewell! master, and take our thanks, for you have done well. In you, we salute one of the greatest artists of the century, and also the incomparable teacher whose wonderful work has produced a whole generation of forceful musicians, believers and thinkers, armed at all points for fierce and prolonged conflicts. We salute also the upright and just man, so humane, so distinguished, whose counsels were sure, as his words were kind. Farewell!'

PRINCIPAL WORKS OF THE FIRST PERIOD.

Op. 1. Three Trios for piano, violin and 'cello (1841).
Op. 2. Fourth Trio (1842).
Op. 4. Duet for four hands on "God save the King."
Op. 9. Ballade for piano (MS.).
Le Sermon sur la Montagne (*circa* 1846) MS.
Ruth, an oratorio for soli, chorus and orchestra (1843).
Le valet de Ferme (1851–2). MS.
Les trois exiles, national song for baritone.
Messe solenelle, for bass solo and organ (1858).
Accompagnement d'orgue, and arrangement of Gregorian services.
Three motets (1858).
Three *Antiennes* for grand organ (1859).
Op. 12. Mass for three voices with small orchestra (1860).
Six pieces for Grand organ. Op. 16–21 (1860–2)
Forty-four little pieces for organ, or harmonium (1863).
Le Tour de Babel, a short oratorio (MS).
Three Offertoires (1871).
'Redemption,' a symphonic poem for soprano solo and orchestra (1871); a second version of above, with new chorus for male voices (1874).

COMPOSITIONS OF FRANCK'S CHIEF PERIOD (1876–1890).

Les Éolides, symphonic poem (1876).
Three pieces for grand organ (1878).
Quintet in F minor for piano and strings (1879).
Les Béatitudes, oratorio (1879).
Rebecca, Biblical Scene (1881).
Le Chasseur maudit, symphonic poem (1882).
Les Djinns, symphonic poem (1884).
Prélude, Chorale et Fugue, for piano (1884).
Hulda, opera in four acts (1882–5).
Variations Symphoniques, piano and orchestra (1885).
Sonata for piano and violin (1886).
Prélude, Aria et Final, for piano (1886).
Psyche, symphonic poem for chorus and orchestra (1887).
Psalm CL, for chorus, orchestra and organ (1888).
Six Duos for equal voices (1888).
Symphony in D minor (1886–88).
Quartet in D major for strings (1889).
Ghisèle, lyrical drama in four acts (1888–90).
L'Organiste, 59 pieces for harmonium (1889–90).
Trois Chorals for grand organ (1890).

EMMANUEL CHABRIER (1841-1894), a self-taught composer, exercised a good and useful influence in the direction of progress with his several stage-pieces, suites and rhapsodies. He took an important part in preparing the production of *Tristan* in conjunction with Lamoreux.

VINCENT D'INDY, however, was the real leader after Franck, whose pupil he was. He only found himself when he came under the latter's influence.

Before 1873 d'Indy's studies had been somewhat desultory, with *Law* in sight as a possible goal. Born of good lineage at Paris in 1851, d'Indy—once launched in music—took his art with becoming seriousness. He was one of the pilgrims to Weimar and Liszt, to Wagner and Bayreuth. His early important piece—an overture entitled *Piccolomini*—was produced by Pasdeloup in 1874. This work afterwards became part of the Wallenstein trilogy of symphonic poems, of which Lamoreux performed the full set in 1888. d'Indy's labours as a practical musician began with a post under Colonne, whose chorus he trained, while he further took part in the orchestral performances, acting as drummer. After three years of such preparatory work he joined Lamoreux as assistant conductor. Here he would have the inestimable advantage of coming into regular practical contact with all the most modern music. As a composer, d'Indy's work is clear and logical, without being either 'scientific' or pedantic. In his best work, as in the *Trilogy* (which he conducted at Queen's Hall, London, in 1909), there is a poetic exaltation and clear-sighted fantasy of a high order. d'Indy's workmanship is worthy of a pupil of Franck, both in its confidence and wealth of detail. Weingartner finds in his works a remarkable earnestness of purpose,

and some traces of a direct German influence. But d'Indy was no imitator, his use of abstract forms being noble, severe, aspiring and somewhat ascetic. His character asserted itself no less in his teaching; and for many years he was regarded as the leader of *la jeune école française.*

Fervaal, d'Indy's chief work for the stage, was successfully mounted at Brussels in 1897. This was followed by *L'Étranger* (1903), and several symphonies, the first in D minor (Paris, 1904), the second at the Lamoreux concerts in the same year. Amongst his earlier works are the 'Jean Hunyade' symphony, an Overture to Anthony and Cleopatra, *La forêt enchantée* (a symphonic ballad), a symphonic piano concerto on an Alpine theme, and a suite for trumpet, flutes and string quartet. In 1896 d'Indy, in conjunction with Charles Bordes and A. Guilmant, founded the successful *Schola Cantorum.*

The Wallenstein trilogie pour orchestre (Op. 12) —already alluded to—comprises (1) Le camp de Wallenstein; (2) Max et Thécla; (3) La mort de Wallenstein. Other important works include:—(Op. 18) Le chant de la cloche—legende dramatique; (Op. 42) Istar (Variations symphoniques); (Op. 47) Médée — Suite d'orchestre; (Op. 59) Sonate pour piano et violon; (Op. 61) Jour d'été à la montagne (poème symphonique), 1905; (Op. 62) Souvenirs (poème symphonique); (Op. 63) Sonate (piano).

Ernest Chausson (1855–1899), at first intended as a lawyer, joined Massenet's class in the Paris Conservatoire, and afterwards studied with César Franck. His career was cut short by a bicycle accident in his forty-fourth year. Like Debussy, he loved literature and painting, besides his own art. His opera 'King Arthur' was posthumously per-

formed at Brussels. Its style is, perhaps, too consistently lyrical for the modern stage. His other works number a fine symphony in B flat, a concerto for piano, violin and string quartet, incidental music to 'The Tempest,' 'St. Cecilia,' and *Héléne* (a lyric drama), and the *Chanson perpétuelle*, and the orchestral works 'The Death of Cœlio,' 'Solitude in the world,' 'Festival-evening,' and *Viviane* (from *Morte d'Arthur*).

ALFRED BRUNEAU (born in Paris in 1857), Massenet's ambitious pupil, showed in his music-drama *Le Rêve* (1891) both individuality and aspiration. His early works (says M. Calvocoressi) have exerted a great influence on the modern French school. Like Dargomyzski (and a few others) Bruneau uses prose libretti, and in so doing probably points the way to an invaluable development of music. For prose, by its inherent strength and variety should refresh our languishing musical rhythms to an extent as yet undreamt of. After all, Oratorio has rarely employed any other class of text.*

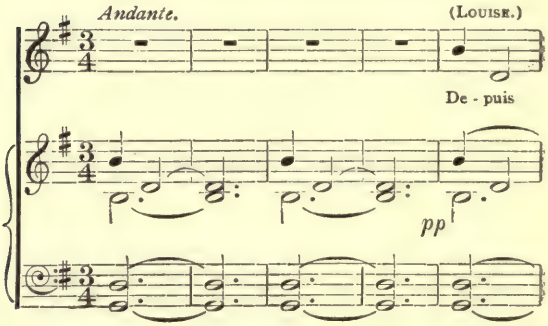
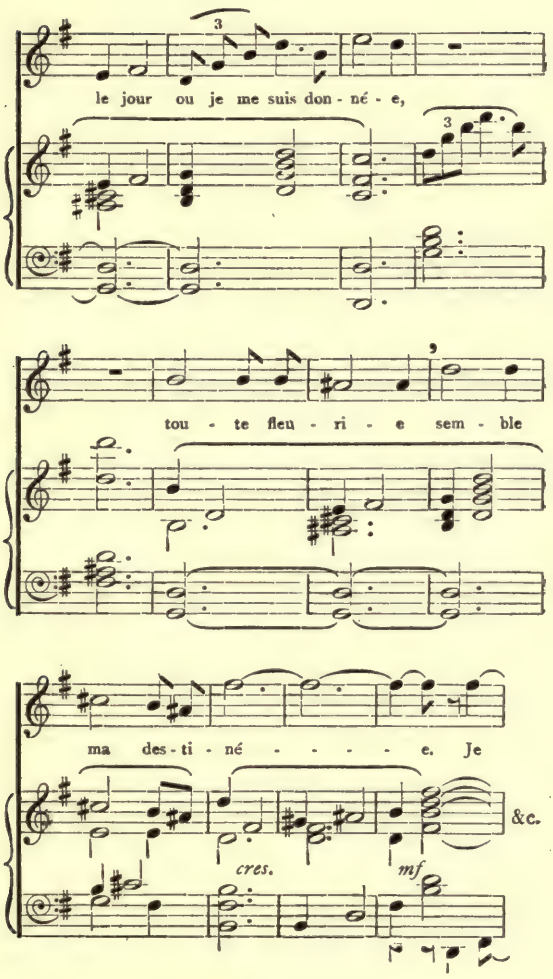
Bruneau's compositions include the dramatic works *L'Attaque du Moulin* (1893), *Messidor* (1897), (having a four-act unrhythmic prose text), *L'Ouragan* (1901), *L'Enfant Roi* (1903), *Naïs Micoulin* (1907), *La faute de l'Abbé Mouret* (1907), a Requiem and a series of symphonic poems.

GUSTAVE CHARPENTIER (born at Dieuze in 1860), proved by his opera *Louise* that he was heart and soul with the progressives. His portrayal of modern life (as with Puccini) proclaims the view

* Bantock's vigorous and beautiful vocal symphony, 'Vanity of Vanities,' formed upon some of the finest passages in *Ecclesiastes* (good English prose of a great period) confirms the argument.

— in opposition to Wagner — that the stage can fittingly become the vehicle of actual everyday occurrence. Charpentier won the *grand prix de Rome* in 1887. His orchestral suite 'Impressions d'Italie,' and the symphonic drama *La vie du poète* (1892), are among his successful pieces.

Louise, a musical Romance in four acts and five tableaux deals with a simple story of humble life in Paris at the present time. The libretto, Charpentier's own, is for the most part in prose. The plot lends itself admirably to the portrayal of picturesque urban life. The workroom tableau, in which Louise's romance is the all-engrossing theme, is a masterpiece of realistic painting. The course of Louise's true love is rudely, but not unkindly, interrupted by the girl's father. There is a wonderful dawn scene in which the city gradually shakes off sleep and night prowlers, beginning its matutinal business in the slums, with beggars and hawkers. In due time the lovers meet, and in the sequel—fly!

CHARPENTIER'S *Louise* (p. 210).

le jour ou je me suis don - né - e,
tou - te fleu - ri - e sem - ble
ma des - ti - né - - - - - e. Je
&c.
cres.
mf

A radiant little love scene enlivens the last act, when the Montmartre hordes assemble for the crowning of the Muse and Louise's nuptials. The unexpected arrival of the Mother on the scene, disturbs matters; and Louise is snatched from her present happiness. All in vain, however; for when night comes, she quits the parental roof. And her father is heard calling, in heart-broken tones, to the deaf streets—'Louise, . . Louise, . . O Paris!' . . Charpentier's music is quick and light. Rarely does it go deep. But it is always sincere, and expressed with superb art. There is a sureness of touch and an exquisite sense of colour which make the score thrill and scintillate from beginning to end. Above all, the pages are instinct with youth and charm. It is essentially romance the composer offers. All the descriptive work is done with a strong hand. The dressmakers' snatches of lilting melody, a fine touch of choric art—vie with the 'Spinning-song' in *The Flying Dutchman*. But where everything hangs together so naturally, one must not be tempted to single out special numbers, even for praise. It is precisely in the perfect continuity and flow of this well-imagined work that its highest merit consists. The first performance took place in Paris in 1900. Covent Garden had it in 1909. Since then it has traversed our English provinces, beginning with a Quinlan performance at Manchester in 1912.

Julien, a sequel to *Louise*, was produced at the Opéra Comique, Paris (1913), but it has not captivated either popular or discriminating approval to anything like the extent of its forerunner. Charpentier is understood to have written several other short operas. Mention may also be made of the *Poémes chantés*, which include the *Sérenadè à Watteau* and some socialist songs.

GABRIEL FAURÉ, born at Pamiers (Ariège) in 1845, is famous both as a composer (of original views) and as the head of a distinguished group of advanced French writers, sometimes referred to as the 'extremists.' These include Florent Schmitt, Louis Aubert, and Alfred Roussel.

Fauré studied with Niedermeyer (the friend of Rossini), Dietsh (the Johnny who set Wagner's libretto of *The Flying Dutchman*) and Saint-Saëns. In 1866, Fauré became organist of Rennes, and a few years later, of S. Sulpice, Paris. He afterwards proceeded to the Church of S. Honoré and the Madeleine. His sphere of influence became still wider on his appointment to the directorship of the Paris Conservatoire in 1905.

Fauré's opera, *Fénélope*, was produced at Monte Carlo in 1913. His output includes a large number of songs and other works such as:—(Op. 13) Sonate (piano and violin); (Op. 15) Quatuor (piano and strings); (Op. 45) Deuxième quatuor (piano and strings); (Op. 89) Quintet (piano and strings); a Symphony, Suite, Violin Concerto, a Requiem, *La Naissance de Vénus*, and the *Chœur des Djinns*.

DEBUSSY—France's most individual composer, led the way in the most considerable departure from stereotyped methods of our time. Before him, Wagner and Berlioz had developed individual styles. And they had shown that the most devoted disciples of the older masters may yet refrain from imitating them. Both men developed the orchestral technique of Beethoven, Schubert and Weber, until it attained quite new powers of expression. The accidents of Wagner concentrating his powers on the theatre and Berlioz being kept out of it, made no difference to the main result—the creation of a

new instrumental genre, which is the key-stone of ultra-modernism.

Before Berlioz and Wagner the criterion of all instrumental music was the keyed instrument. Everything was referred to that. If a composer made an overture, he usually first tested it on the pianoforte, then arranged it for the orchestra. If he composed an opera, it was almost sure to be first an opera with piano accompaniment, afterwards set out for the orchestra, from that point of view. One need not labour the matter. Symphonies and concertos were fashioned in the same manner, and the only music which escaped the inevitable *pianoforte process** was the string quartet. The fact of Wagner and Berlioz both being poor pianists assisted them to a better method. So the genius of the orchestra began to assert itself; and the keyed instrument, no longer allowed to dominate men's imaginations, was for ever dethroned from its supremacy.

Debussy's first love was Wagner. The emotional quality of Tristan and Parsifal drew him powerfully in the direction of a German idiom. It was the attraction of repulsion, for though his early music shows palpable traces of Wagner's influence, including those works he wrote in Italy, when enjoying the *Grand Prix* of the Paris conservatoire, Debussy quickly put it from him, and struck out vigorously in another direction. His career as a student throws some light on his later development as an artist. Let us glance for a moment at these early days.

Claude Debussy is a native of Saint-Germain-en-Laye, where he was born on August 22nd, 1862. He entered the Paris Conservatoire of Music, and,

* Mozart and Beethoven did not wholly escape it.

in due time, became one of its most brilliant pupils. Piano-playing he studied with Marmontel, composer and author of educational works. Harmony he learned from Lavignac—originator of the study of musical dictation. Young Debussy's chief study, musical composition, was in the hands of Guiraud, opera composer and pupil of Halévy.

So many of the revolutionary spirits have been good scholars that it is not surprising to find this youthful genius excelling in the art of counterpoint and fugue. In 1882, as a young man of twenty, he is discovered carrying off the chief Conservatoire prizes for these recondite studies. He advanced step by step, successful at every point, until 1884, when he was awarded the *grand prix de Rome. L'enfant Prodigue*—a *scène lyrique*—the work which gained him this supreme success, has since become everywhere known, by virtue of its tunefulness and delicacy. It moved the Conservatoire committee to enthusiasm; and it was voted the most interesting composition that had been submitted for years.

Our composer now set out for Italy, taking up his abode in the Villa Medici, Rome. During his four years' stay in the Italian capital, Debussy composed several notable works such as *Le Printemps* for chorus and orchestra, and *La Damoiselle Élue*, for female voices, solo, chorus and orchestra. The latter work is a beautiful lyrical setting of a translation of Rossetti's famous poem, 'The Blessed Damozel.' Now perhaps for the first time (in a work of any length) the young artist's individuality peeps out, both in his instrumental scheme and declamatory vocal text. Looking back, one would not hesitate to describe it as a most judicious and aspiring little poetic work. Yet it is known to have caused some heart-searchings on the part of

the conservatoire authorities. Debussy's creative gift was already travelling too fast for them.

The life to which he was now committed became an exceedingly busy one, his days being filled with composing, teaching and writing. For he was already drawn to the literary side of his art, as before him were Berlioz and Saint-Saëns. A visit to Bayreuth cured him once for all of Wagnerian leanings. And the works which began to flow from his pen were rapidly setting in the direction of a wholly new and original style. Debussy has confessed himself an ardent Bach lover. That is his chief anchor in the past. Yet here as elsewhere, if he followed in the footsteps of a master at all, it is confessed in a subtle, heroical way, not indeed by a literal tracing of their footsteps in the sand, or by formal imitation of their moods and manners, but decidedly by a re-birth, a re-incarnation, a new appreciation of their virtues, their courage, their creative enterprise. And thus the old splintered weapon, purged of dross and re-forged, becomes a new and invincible brand in the war that art wages in the cause of progress.

Paul Verlaine's *Ariettes* drew the musician's attention sometime in 1888, and led to the issue of six settings for voice and piano. The *Fantasie* for piano and orchestra followed soon afterwards, together with the *Cinque Poèmes de Baudelaire*. Debussy struck a new note, in 1892, with his orchestral idyl, *L'après-midi d'un faune*, which inaugurated a fresh poetical epoch. In this work one is suddenly confronted with a novel aspect of French genius. Such a piece could not have originated with a German or an Englishman. The subtle qualities of mind and heart are just those which French literature and painting have hinted at for ages. And here they emerge fully-fledged in

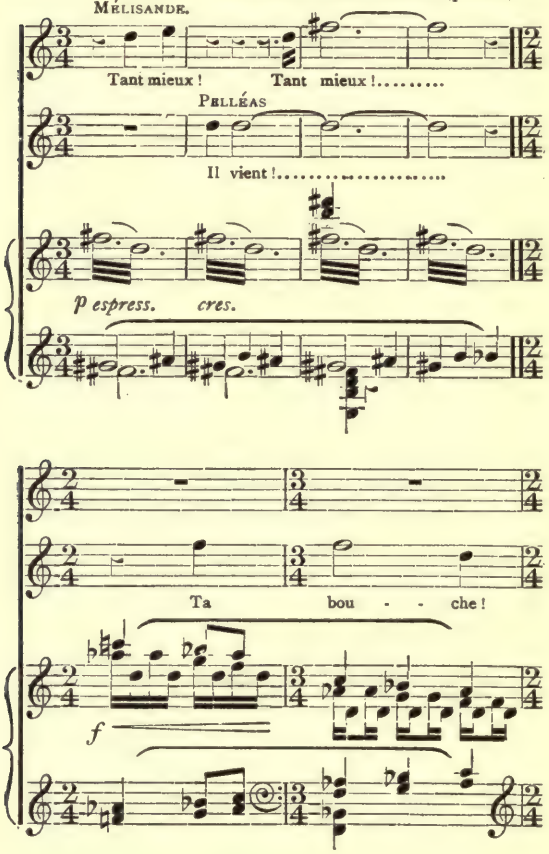
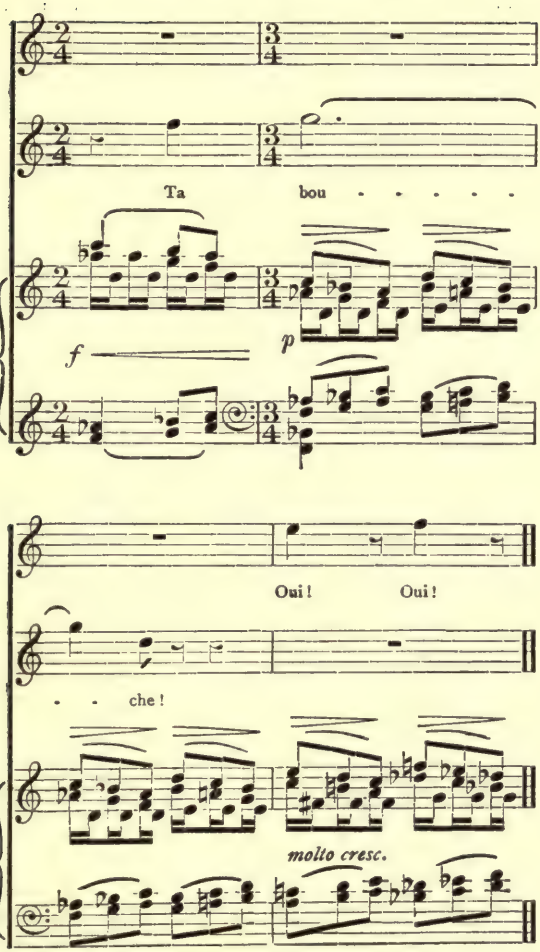
another medium, which triumphs in its resources of melodic impulse and thousand delicacies of tone-colour where the other almost failed.

In 1894 Debussy began his opera *Pelléas et Mélisanae*, devoting two full years to the composition of what may be justly described as his chief masterpiece.

The lyric drama is founded on Maeterlinck's well-known prose poem. The musical atmosphere at the outset is mystical, of quiet refined beauty and distinctly lyrical. Dramatic moments of course there are, but they are exceptional.

These are the story's outlines: Prince Golaud, while hunting, has lost his way in the wood, where he accidentally lights upon a lonely and weeping maiden. Her beauty attracts him. All she will tell is her name. As the night threatens, he persuades her to accept his escort. In another tableau, the good folk of the castle are discovered reading the prince's letter, in which he informs them that while on his travels he has met with and married a beautiful girl named Mélisande. The old king (Prince Golaud's grandfather) decides that the marriage shall be properly recognised. And in due time the wedded couple arrives. In the chance meetings which follow between the prince's younger brother and Golaud's lovely bride, Pelléas and Mélisande become passionately in love with each other. And the fact is observed by Golaud. He warns, and even threatens brother Pelléas, who makes a self-denying ordinance and prepares to go upon a journey. A last meeting of the lovers hastens the catastrophe. For an overt declaration of mutual passion is overheard by the now jealous-raging Golaud, who looks on from a place of concealment—sword in hand, awaiting his opportunity to strike. Here is a pretty climax, as the lovers,

discovering Golaud, look straight in the eyes of death, and clasp and kiss with the sublimity of intoxicating, tragical passion.

PELLÉAS ET MÉLISANDE (p. 264).

Ta
bou
f
p
Oui!
Oui!
che!
molto cresc.

Then follows sudden retribution: for Golaud slays his brother, and wounds the flying Mélisande. Lastly is a moving medley of Mélisande's last moments (ere she joins her lover in the shades), Golaud's broken remorse, and the old king's heavy sorrow.

Debussy's music has little or nothing in common with the old order of opera. There are no choruses, dances, songs, ensembles, processions, love-scenes and heroical rescues, as these things are ordinarily understood. On the other hand, the work is a veritable love-tragedy, and bears some faint analogy to Wagner's *Tristan*. His conception of harmony is as different from the normal as is a flickering flame from a wall-paper pattern. His sense of colour is so exquisite that one scarcely perceives the lack of set themes or melodies. And gradually it dawns upon one how little such things matter to dramatic music, if the web and woof of the tone-picture be perfectly wrought. We are not all for a jig or tawdry tale; and beside Debussy's best pages, too great definition of themes and tunes suggests nothing so much as those. The real power of the score lies in its vivid descriptive poetry. The human voice utters its mellow notes in defiance of all precedent, upon a system of the musician's own, which no sensible person will be in the least likely to ridicule. But it is the orchestra which sets the forest murmuring and rustling with mystical life. Surges the sea with haunting cadence, by no other aid. Wells become musical and yield up their secrets to the delicate, microphonic sense of genius. Everything that has melody wakens into beauty and liveliness. As for the great scene of Love and Death—kisses drunk at the point of an avenging sword—it is carried through with supreme mastery. That is, perhaps, the only climax one

can usefully fasten upon and separate momentarily for the highest praise, in a series of twelve tableaux which hang together in such a way as to baffle detailed analysis. *Pelléas et Mélisande* was produced in Paris in 1902, and in New York in 1907. Covent Garden had it in 1909.

Amongst other works by the same hand are the following:— *Three esquisses symphoniques* (Three Symphonic Sketches) for orchestra — *La Mer* — 1905. *Danses* for chromatic harp and orchestra. Debussy's *Trois Poèmes de Stéphane Mallarmé* are good examples of his most subtle art. They were introduced with great success by Mde. Vallin Pardo at the Société Philharmonique in 1914. *La Botte à Joujoux*—miniature ballet (1914). A delightful little score entitled *Jeux* was written for the Russian Ballet (1913). *Le Martyre de Sainte Sebastien. Images* — (1) Gigues; (2) Iberia: (3) Rondes de Printemps. The Symphonic Suite *Printemps*, issued in 1913, is a revised version of a work published in 1904. Laloy has described this work as 'the poem of foliage caressed by the sun, of cool springs in the shade of the hills, and of floating light. A large number of songs on impressionist texts.

Gabriel Pierné, born at Metz in 1863, studied at the Paris Conservatoire, where his career was one long series of successes, culminating in the *grand prix de Rome*, which was his in 1882. His first important post was the organistship of *Sainte Clothilde*, where he became the successor of César Franck, in 1890. Most of Pierné's compositions are for the theatre, as the following list serves to show:—*Les Elfes*, *Le Collier de Saphirs* (a wordless play), *Le Docteur Blanc* (1893), *Izeyl* (1894), *Salomé*,

La Princesse Lointaine (1895), *La Coupe enchantée* (1895), *Vendée* (1897), *La Samaritaine* (1897), and *La fille de Tabarin* (1901). There are other important works such as *Pandora*, for chorus and orchestra; a symphonic poem (with chorus), *L'An Mil* (1898); and *Nuit de Noël*, a lyric episode (1895). His later works include the oratorio *Les Fioretti de Saint François d'Assise*, successfully produced at the Colonne concerts, Paris, 1912, under the composer's direction, and *Pénélope*, produced at Monte Carlo in 1913. Mention may be also made of the following:—*La Croisade des Enfants* (légende musicale); *Les Enfants à Bethléem* (mystère en 2 parties); *Yanthis* (music to a play). His pen has also been prolific of songs and smaller instrumental works.

PAUL DUKAS, critic of the *Gazettedes Beaux Arts* and the *Revue Hebdomadaire*, was one of the Paris Conservatoire students. Born in 1865, he entered the Conservatoire in his 17th year, becoming a pupil of Dubois, Mathias and Guiraud. His cantata, *Velléla*, gained the Second *grand prix de Rome* in 1888. Then music was exchanged for a term of military service.

Dukas, dissatisfied with academical works, took himself severely to task, and practically began, over again, pursuing new studies of his own. Late Beethoven, and the works of César Franck and Vincent d'Indy now became his especial favourites. A symphony bearing the title *Cinajos*, written in 1896, came to a first hearing in the following year. Dukas' most popular work *L'Apprenti Sorcier* (based on Göethe's *Der Zauberlehrling*), produced during the same year, made a sensation at the

National Society's concerts. The marvellous ingenuity and humour of this work have carried it triumphantly round the world. Its orchestration is clever and resourceful, and one feels that the magical side of the story is aptly reproduced in the marionette-like fantasy of the music.

Maeterlinck's *Ariane and Bluebeard* provided Dukas with material for a 'Musical Tale,' cast somewhat in the style of Debussy as to the declamatory recitative, though the orchestral side of the work (of symphonic genre) is highly original. In *La Peri* — 'a *danced* poem,' with an original scenario, the composer goes a step further in the assertion of individuality. Besides the works mentioned, Dukas has composed an Overture — *Polyeucte*, a Piano Sonata in E flat minor, and 'Variations and Finale' on a theme by Rameau.

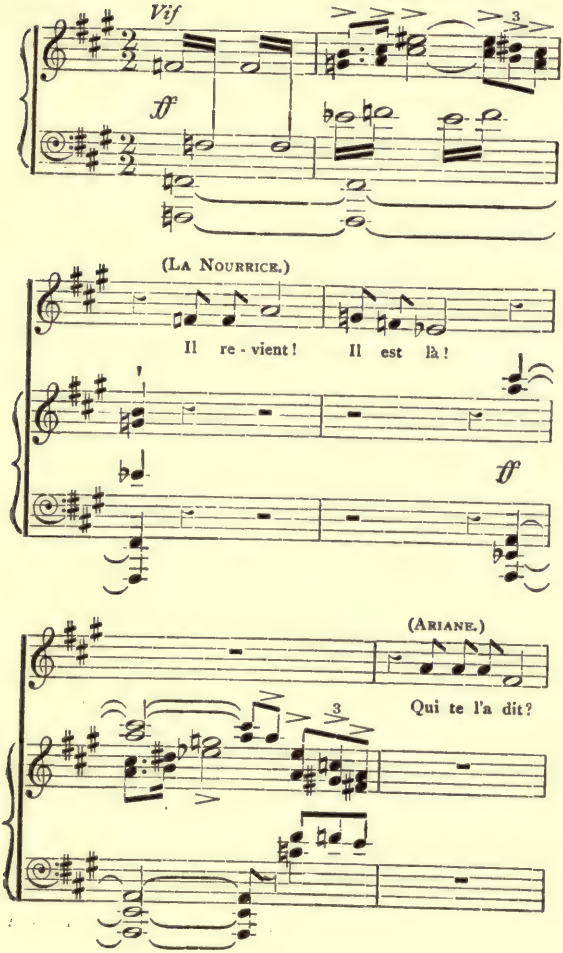
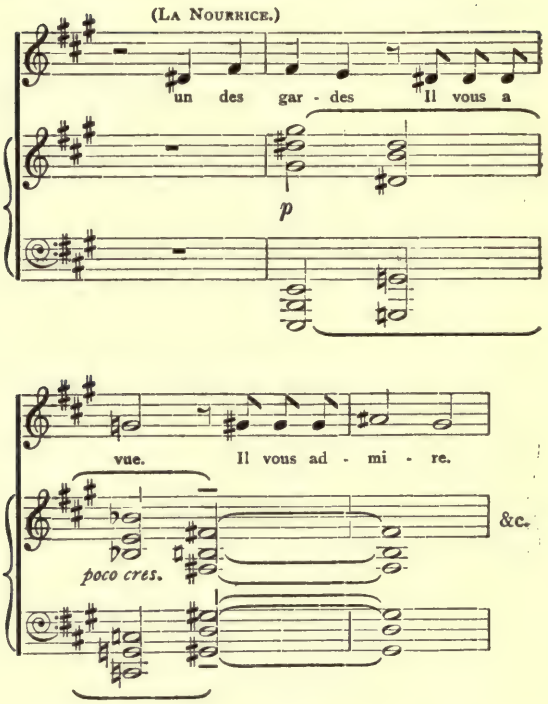
Dukas' chief work, *Ariane et Barbe-Bleue—conte en trois actes, poème de* Maurice Maeterlinck—was produced in 1907 at the Opéra-comique, Paris. Poet and musician between them have here brought about one of the most wonderful transformations in all modern dealings with the fabulous. In the first place all the old stupidity of cruelty and bloodshed is demolished by the poet. Bluebeard is an insatiable lover, and his former brides are merely under golden lock and key. Courage, not curiosity, is Ariane's talisman. She is the female Parsifal. Fear is unknown to her. The keys of heaven or hell (including Barbe-Bleue's particular golden one) are hers of sheer right. The action of the opera becomes simply a progress of the heroine through the halls of the five fair prisoners —Mélisande, Sélysette, Ygraine, Bellangère and Alladine — whom she finally frees. This is the suffraget opera *par excellence*, and celebrates the

victory of inspiration over blind force. The profound but simple moral is that love can defy fear and death, and can find out a way through adamantine difficulties — being in its essence immortal.

Barbe-Bleue plays but a small part in the piece since he has but a few sentences in Act I, and not a syllable afterwards of any kind. But his presence is felt throughout as a dominant factor of the drama. In the last scene of all, he is his prisoners' captive, eventually to be released at the hand of Ariane, who, now that her mission is accomplished, goes out, resigning Barbe-Bleue to the passion and patience of the others, to whom she has restored love, life and liberty.

The poem is rich in material for dramatic music. Necessary briskness is forthcoming from the bustle and excitement caused by the villagers, up in arms against the doomed Barbe-Bleue, whose character they seem to have had from the English story books. This influence animates the opening and closing of Act I and prefaces the finale of Act III. The sensational appearance of Barbe-Bleue as the golden door flies open, the recognition and release of the five captive sisters, the winning of the upper air, and lastly that turn of fortune's wheel which places the tyrant-lover in the ladies' power, are things to conjure with in the hands of a composer of Paul Dukas' genius.

Taking the text (of twelve-syllable unrhymed verse) just as it comes, the composer clothes the new-minted fable in music's most graphic and moving terms. He handles the several situations indicated with great power and resource. The hovering sense of the absent yet present Barbe-Bleue suits his sardonic humour down to the ground.

DUKAS' *Barbe-Bleue* (p. 186–7).

Throughout his score the concept of love's tyranny serves as a whip and spur to the dramatic impulse. Some luminous well-varied and extremely delicate poetry distinguishes the second, and the opening of the last act, where Ariane and her five sisters in distress compare their beauties and afterwards strive towards light and liberty. Unity is secured not so much by definite leading themes as by characteristic colour. But no one can for a

moment miss the music's appropriateness. It fits the poem like a glove on Ariane's hand, amplifying, adorning, and sometimes spiritualising that.

It has been said of the Bluebeard story that if it be anything less than universal it would appear to be French. Maeterlinck and Dukas make it an epitome of life — from the point of view of a triumph of light over darkness, of freedom over fetters, of beauty over all.

Guy Ropartz born (in 1864) at Guingamp (Côtes du Nord) studied for the Bar, and afterwards entered the Paris Conservatoire, where he became a pupil of Dubois and Massenet. Later he studied with César Franck. In 1894 Ropartz accepted the appointment of Director to the Nancy Conservatoire, where his many years of service have been of the utmost value. The high educational standard developed and upheld, has gradually brought this institution into line with the best establishments of its kind in Europe. The Nancy symphony concerts —also of Ropartz's direction before the war—were a feature of the place.

Ropartz has written a dozen or more dramatic pieces amongst which are these:—'Le Diable couturier,' 'Marguerite d'Ecosse' (one act pieces), incidental music to Loti's 'Pêcheur d'Islande' (Paris, 1893), 'Paysages de Bretagne' (written for a *théâtre d'ombres chinoises*), 'Les Landes,' 'Marie endormie,' and five short pieces. His instrumental music includes a symphony on a Breton Chorale, a Serenade, a string quartet and much miscellaneous chamber music.

All good French students when they rebel go to the Paris Conservatoire. Once there, they carry off the *grand prix* and then settle down to a career as Franckist, intellectualist, impressionist, or sensa-

tionalist. 'From these,' says M. Calvorcoressi, 'Florent Schmitt stands apart, and baffles all attempts of classification.' One reason of this seems to lie in the fact of the artist's dual command of classical and modernist *media*. Strauss has the same facility. And in neither men is it a weakness. The conflict of styles may be traced in some of the greatest masters, such as Bach and Beethoven. The latter's symphonies and sonatas afford striking proofs of this. Compare the 8th and 5th symphonies, and the earlier is at once seen to be the advanced work. Similarly the *Appasionata Sonata* of 1804 is far ahead in style and significance of the Sonatina, Op. 79, written five or six years afterwards. One is moribund, archaic, the other overflows with vitality. Strauss' *Rosenkavalier* and *Elektra* clearly proclaim the deliberate exercise of an earlier and later manner, independent of chronology. Occasional returns to a simpler idiom are thus natural, if not inevitable. Florent Schmitt's Piano Quintet and the group of piano pieces entitled *Lucioles* might almost appear to be by different hands, so antagonistic is their style. In the former there is the strict classicist employing a rich and highly-wrought technique; while the latter works suggest the palette and touch of the visionary—the ultra-modernist.

FLORENT SCHMITT was born September 28, 1871, in Blamont (Lorraine), of Alsatian parentage. His father was a church musician of pronounced anti-Wagnerian predilection. At 18 years of age, young Schmitt entered the Paris Conservatoire, where his masters were Dubois and Lavignac for harmony, while for composition he had Massenet and Fauré. Of these, it is understood, only Fauré possessed any real influence over the young artist

The year 1900 found Florent Schmitt in possession of the chief conservatoire prize, namely the *grand prix de Rome*, which enabled him to travel in North Africa and Turkey, in addition to the more usual resorts of musical students. Rarely do composers return empty handed from the East. And Florent Schmitt's barque came home laden with such treasure as *La Tragédie de Salomé* and the ballet *Ourvâçi*, founded on an ancient Indian epic. There is further the earlier symphonic poem suggested by Valmiki's *Ramayana*.

The music to the Tragedy of *Salomé* (1906) has been acclaimed one of the finest works of modern times. It was originally written for Mdlle. Loie Fuller of the *Théâtre des Arts*, being afterwards recast by the composer and scored for full orchestra. The orchestral *Musiques de Plein Air* brought Florent Schmitt into conflict with the classicists and lovers of convention, in no uncertain manner. Indeed, a modern composer can scarcely be taken seriously until he has passed some such ordeal. The Quintet for Pianoforte and Strings (1909), a work of large design and considerable beauty, on the other hand, won unanimous praise. Other representative works are the Symphonic Study on Edgar Allan Poe's 'Haunted Palace,' a setting of Psalm xlvii, Songs for four voices (Op. 39), the piano pieces—*Musique Intimes* and *Nuits Romaines*, and the *Rapsodies* for piano duet.

Louis Aubert (1873) is chiefly known through his songs and the three-act lyrical work, *La Forêt Bleue*.

Roger Ducasse is one of the most subtle and refined of French composers. Born at Bordeaux in 1873, he studied at the Paris Conservatoire under Gabriel Fauré, gaining in 1902 what is known

as the chief 'second grand prix.' His compositions include the following: a string quartet in D minor (published and produced in 1910), 'Aux jardins de Marguerite,' a 'Salve Regina' for voice and organ, a Sarabande, a Prelude to a Ballet, a 'Petite Suite,' 'Variations plaisantes sur un thème grave' for harp and orchestra, and a 'Suite Française' in D major, of fine orchestral workmanship.

Other rising men such as Jean Poneigh, G. Smazenilla and Maurice Delage (pupil of Ravel) can but be named here.

MAURICE RAVEL, born at Cibourre (Bas Pyrénées) on March 7th, 1875, studied music in the Paris Conservatoire, where he became a pupil of Pessard for harmony, de Beriot for piano, André Gedalge for counterpoint, and Gabriel Fauré for composition.

In 1901 he won the second *grand prix*, but like Bruneau, Dukas and Roger Ducasse, he resigned it, to leave himself free for the *premier prix*. When the latter contest came off in 1905, Ravel was summarily rejected at the preliminary examination.* The conservatoire teaching left him individual and independent, untouched of the narrowing scholastic influence; and at an age when students are generally mere beginners, he was master of his vocation and already of good reputation. His early struggles, like those of Berlioz, established a vogue and gave him a following.

Ravel respected the classical traditions while not following them. Chabrier seems to have been a vital influence in his earlier career. Debussy also contributed to his development. But Ravel

* The gross unfairness of this proceeding led to the immediate retirement of Theodore Dubois, Director of the Conservatoire.

is quite distinct, both in conception and execution, from either predecessor.

His String Quartet (produced in 1903) at once drew attention to him. This was followed by a series of piano pieces and songs which plainly proclaimed an individual genius. A Sonatina (*Ma mère l'oye*) and *Gaspard de la Nuit* are strikingly intimate and original. Three poems after Aloysius Bertrand (for pianoforte), *Ondine*, *Le gibet*, and *Scarbo*, show a fine appreciation of new possibilities in the instrument for which they are written, while pointing to pregnant issues in the growth of harmonic and rhythmic delicacy. Vocal works such as *Shéhérazade* (three poems for voice and orchestra, produced in 1904) are of large emotional scope, impressionist, dramatic, and audaciously moody. The curious collection, *Histoires naturelles*, awakened the critical raptures of M. Louis Laloy. Ravel's comic opera, *l'Heure Espagnole* (of which we have something to say later), has been described by M. Jean Aubry as the most charmful achievement of the New Music. He considers it highly descriptive, delicate and individual. Ravel runs through the whole gamut of emotional beauty, unfolding its diversified treasures with supreme mastery.

The composer visited London in 1909 when the *Société des Concerts Francais* produced several of his works.

To sum his art, as far as we have followed it, the String Quartet, dedicated (by the way) 'to my dear teacher Gabriel Fauré,' is daringly original, in spite of its conventional movements. The *Toys' Christmas*, with its 'rabbits with drums,' 'varnished sheep,' 'Virgin Mary with wide-open enamelled eyes,' 'Beelzebub who watches the sugar Christ-child,' 'indestructible angels,' and 'an animal that calls Noel unceasingly,' like the very choice of

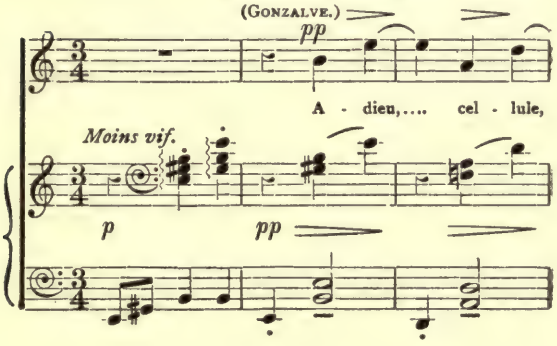
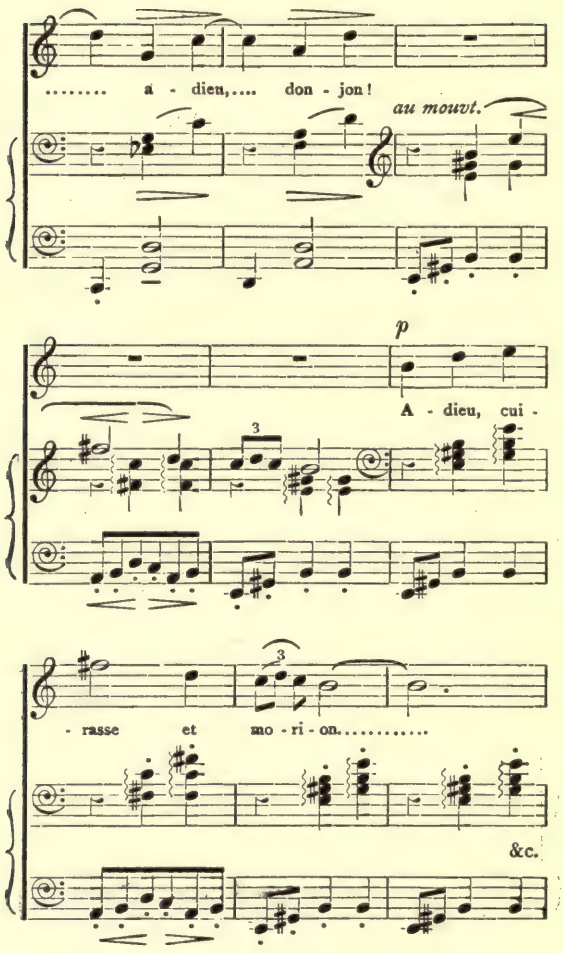
such a strange array, indicates that the composer is sure of himself and his power to make such things interesting. The realistic music comes from the orchestra, for the voice part is more lyric than usual. The *Miroirs*, a suite of impressionist pictures, arrest imagination by their originality, poetic beauty, and fine workmanship. Intensely personal in their appeal, their instrumental style is broad and flexible. The early '*Pavane* for dead child' is a profoundly spiritual elegy: the *Jeux d'eau*, or as its motto explains, 'the river-god laughing at the caresses of the water,' is a liquid, rippling music-poem, idiomatic, effective and difficult from the pianist's point of view. Hauptmann's 'The Sunken Bell,' has supplied the text for an opera—a class of composition which Ravel should find specially suited to his particular genius.

Other of Ravel's works are these:—*Daphnis et Chloe*, and three Symphonic pieces—*Nocturne*, *Interlude*, and *War-dance*, for orchestra; an *Introduction and Allegro* for Pedal Harp, with accompaniment for string quartet, flute and clarinet, and the *Rhapsodie espagnole*.

'The Spanish Hour,' a dramatic musical setting of Franc-Nohain's poem of 1907, shows Ravel's gift of clever and picturesque delineation at its highest development. The text is frankly humorous. Torquemada, a Toledo clock-maker and no relation to the old inquisitor, leaves his wife and his workshop for a day, while making his round of inspection of the city clocks. Losing no time, as becomes the wife of a *horloger*, Madame conducts no less than three separate (but simultaneous) intrigues during his absence, hiding her several gallants, one from the other, within the capacious interiors of her husband's clocks. After some risky incidents the dénouement comes about innocently

enough, amid great merriment; and the clock-maker arrives in time to laugh with the rest.

Ravel has purposely filled his score with those quaint-moving irresistible Spanish rhythms with which all the world is familiar; but he handles them with an ingenuity and contrivance that make them seem wholly new. The odd noises of chimes, pendulums and mechanical devices peculiar to the clock-maker's art, serve as a useful and characteristic background to the setting. The theme, *horologia virumque cano*, is cleverly developed, as in Gonzalve's declamatory verses to the horologist's lady, *Horloge c'est ton cœur, le rythme en est le même.* The delightful medley of clock bells and marionettes, apparently awakened by Ramiro's admiring tribute, finds a ready vehicle in the composer's finely descriptive art. Don Inigo's waltz, beginning *Tant pis, ma foi*, is a refined jest such as Ravel especially excels in. Gonzalve's *Adieu cage pour ma chanson*—a good-bye to his temporary hiding-place—makes exquisite fun.

RAVEL'S *L'heure Espagnole* (p. 89).

..... a - dieu,.... don - jon!
au mouvt.
p
A - dieu, cui -
3
3
- rasse et mo - ri - on.....
&c.

The interest is skilfully maintained to the very last bar of a witty and entertaining *Habanera*, which the five characters (there is no chorus) indulge by way of a humorous homily on the absurd situation.

The score is as clear as a bell. Its poetical colour, humour, delicacy, and fantastic impressionism, no less than its apt and appropriate style make it a brilliant contribution to modern French music-drama, which in matters of wit, brilliance, and lightness of touch, has no rival.

L'heure Espagnol was first performed at the Opéra Comique (Paris) in 1911.

DÉODAT DE SÉVERAC, one of Vincent d'Indy's best pupils, may be numbered amongst the boldest of the young school which France has produced. His pastoral music has won especial admiration, while the piano works 'le Chant de la terre,' 'En Languedoc," and 'Cerdana,' are good examples of his delightful art.

ALBERT ROUSSEL, also a pupil of Vincent d'Indy, is modern without being impressionist. His love of Nature and well-developed art is seen in such works as 'La Forêt,' and the three orchestral *Evocations* which commemorate the composer's travels in India.

CHAPTER IV.

BIRTH OF A NEW SCHOOL—RUSSIAN FOLKSONG AND OUR OWN—DARGOMIJSKY—MOUSSORGSKY — THE TANEIEVS — GLAZOUNOV — SCRIABIN — RACHMANINOFF—GLIÈRE—STRAVINSKY.

"Russia's music . . . . . so minute compared with the number of her inhabitants."—CECIL FORSYTH, *Music and Nationalism.*

RUSSIA offers the historian a unique example of a National School founded almost under his eye. What took other nations at least some centuries, accomplished itself in almost as many years in Russia. Older nations struggled with tradition, lack of scholastic training, the common arts of reading, writing, notation, printing, and the conscious concentration upon any given idea. Russia knew what she was doing from the outset; and she enjoyed all the advantages which European education could confer. In briefly tracing the efforts by which the art superstructure was raised, some remarks are due to the special circumstances of the musical endowment.

So cold, hungry and oppressed a nation as Russia largely is, would be the last place where one would expect any extraordinary popular revelation of the muse. Yet there can be no doubt that for variety, extent, quality and picturesqueness, no country in the civilised world can eclipse her. She is one of the few countries where Epic songs are still current side by side with the Peasant croonings of the cradle and grave.

English people have been all too prone to undervalue folksong — their own and that of other countries. Want of knowledge especially induces such a state of apathy; but when it is recalled that very little effective folksong was available, and a large part of it not even set down in notation until almost recent times, it will be realised that much of this ignorance was inevitable. Now we rush to opposite extremes, and undervalue some fine old recorded ballads in favour of any illiterate and uncouth scrap collectors may pick up. Between such extremes we have missed much of the meaning of the old popular ditties, which like so many ancient things (for example, the hills) echo back just as much as we bring to them. In other words they are brimful of meaning to those who with imaginative key unlock their secret charm.

A National School founded upon such misunderstood, misprised material, could not therefore be expected to appeal to our own people, though generously sensible to the accomplished Russian fact. How different the situation to the Slavonic mind. Folksong in Russia was a conscious and proud possession. The pottering little town-amusements had not driven the natural song and dance quite out of the country.

Holidays, feasts, weddings and funerals (just as once had we) possess to this day some vital music of their own—things peasant folk like to hear and would no more miss out than we should a ring or a wreath. The nation has still some hold on song. We gave it up long ago to the professionals. When the fraud is fully discovered, we shall consign the race to the devil and begin again. The young Russian school, branching out from Glinka, originated with a handful of men, sometimes referred to as 'the Five.' From the outset this

little group came under some suspicion of amateurishness. 'A parcel of soldiers, sailors and chemists' said one, in scathing allusion to their double rôles. How absurd was such a view is easily shown. Who but an idealist would attempt serious opera and big aspiring instrumental works? And doing so, who would not cast aside all lets and hindrances, if he could?

There is the case in a nutshell. Borodin and the others knew perfectly well that highly ideal music does not bring in a decent living without supplementary aid or exertion of more practical kind. Does not every composer's history prove so much? The Carpenter's trade links up the living with the dead. If they could speak, the illustrious masters would tell us of dread struggles with tawdry publishers' trumpery arrangements, such as those Wagner was glad to accept in Paris, of scribblings such as frittered away so much of Berlioz's precious life, of piano-tunings, and all things hateful to the creative mind, which in its proper exercise has still to battle with an amount of drudgery that would appal the average worker.

Let it be admitted then that Russian music is of mushroom growth. Before the beginning of the 19th century there was little or nothing representative of such a remarkable country beyond the inevitable deposit of folksong. Thus when Russian Field settled in Petrograd (about 1802), apart from the spread of pianoforte-playing there could be but small indication of that wave of musical energy which so soon was to sweep the country. Field indeed taught Russia's first really national and characteristic composer—Glinka. It was also a great pianist who founded the conservatoire in the Russian capital, which fostered such genius as that of Tchaikovsky. Glinka and Rubinstein both

studied composition with Dehn of Berlin. However deeply the German teaching went in those early days, Glinka at least hastened to throw it off. In that matter his teacher aided him, recognising that Glinka's talent was nothing if not imbued with the special impulse and colouring derived from his native country. Opera therefore immediately attracted his attention. That was the direct path to a national style. Nothing instrumental or vocal could have established such a thing so quickly. And the reason is perhaps plain, since opera touches life at many more points than does absolute music or other class of art, religious or secular. The idea is scarcely worth developing, for *national* as applied to music is little more than a loose though convenient term. The character of a people doubtless shows itself in music, almost as it does in language. And people have a reasonably clear notion of the Italian, German, and French styles. England in Purcell's day made a very decided move in the direction of a National style, precisely through this medium of opera. Arne's feebler steps derived their energy from the same source. It is not difficult to foresee that once our citizens begin to set up opera-houses and to place a little confidence in their own composers, an English National style will quickly resolve itself from the scores of clever but isolated experiments in musical idiom which at present obtain. Glinka seems to have had some such feeling from the first. He went very much further, since he believed that the direct employment of the Slav peasant songs formed the natural thematic material for such a style. That part of the argument is already discarded, for it has been perceived that folk music is short of the very qualities which are the most coveted in modern art, namely, fire and passion. The old *Beggars'*

Opera did less to fashion our English musical speech than did "Britons, strike home."

DARGOMIJSKY, still deservedly popular through his brilliant orchestral works, is of importance because of his bold and free use of recitative, which in his hands becomes a forcible and glowing musical rhetoric. Born in Toula (Russia) in 1813 of good lineage, Dargomijsky was educated in Petrograd, where in 1835 he finally settled. His first years were spent in Government service. Then he came under Glinka's influence. His first opera—*Esmeralda*—(written in 1839) follows the old models. It had considerable success when produced in Moscow eight years later. In his next work—*Roussalka*—produced in 1856, there are hints of the composer's emancipation from the formal style in vogue. He now visited France and Germany, and eventually joined Belakireff and the New School. Under this influence Dargomijsky composed his master-work, *Kamennoï góst* (the Stone Guest), which has been christened 'the gospel.' The opera with Rimsky Korsakoff's orchestration, was posthumously produced in 1872—three years after its author's death. The book of the opera is Puschkin's poem, *Don Juan.* The chief of Dargomijsky's orchestral works are the Finnish Fastasia, *Kozaczek* (Cossack Dance) and *Baba-Jaza.*

MOUSSORGSKY'S life was a grim tussle with fate. He scorned the double life of soldier and bard, and throwing up his commission in a crack regiment, at 22 he retired to his garret to sing. And when hunger had silenced his song, he crawled off a subordinate government clerk, glad to be allowed to live at any price, so he might but exercise his musical genius once again.

Modeste Petrovich Moussorgsky came from Karevo (Pskov), where his father had a country house. Born in 1835, his childhood passed amid country scenes. From tenderest years his mother had taught him piano-playing, and at nine the lad was able to compass a Field Concerto and certain things by Liszt. Though both parents were musical, art was never dreamt of as a career for the talented youth. Yet when he entered the Ensign's School (Petrograd) he was allowed to continue piano lessons with Herke. He was then gazetted to the famous Preobrajensky regiment; and music apparently came to a standstill.

He had a good baritone voice, and improvised well on the piano, gifts which would make him welcome anywhere. In 1857 he met Dargomijsky, and soon came in full contact with the members of the New Russian School. About this period Balakireff took him in hand, and set him writing music to a Russian version of Œdipus.

How lightly these Russians took the technique of musical composition! When one considers, however, the reckless and even mischievous waste of time in practising dry-as-dust mockeries of harmony, counterpoint, form and orchestration, encouraged of the old systems, it would almost seem preferable to leap over the wall, *in medias res* so to speak, leaving the impedimenta of scholastic preparation well behind. The new point of view might be worth it.

Not that study could be done away with. But we should learn, as a child learns speech, that of current use—not archaics. Musical children are fed on back numbers. In exchange for fossil remains, we should be trained on living growths. We should study Bach's counterpoint, not Cherubini's rubbish. Sonatas and symphonies of the

highest type would teach us form, not Ouseley or Prout. Our harmonies would be drawn from such schemes as Bach, Wagner, Scriabin, Stravinsky, Debussy and Ravel indulge, not those cut-and-dried things of the text-books. And we should study our modern instruments and leave the hum-drum scores written for obsolete orchestras severely alone.

The dream is not idle. Men are doing all this already, in spite of the mercenary examinations and diplomas, which obscure natural and poetical methods.

And the New Russian School (which therefore has great prominence in these pages), was already anticipating many of the ideas we have just set forth.

Parting of the ways.

A preference for the things of the imagination rather than those of stereotyped models marked the parting of the ways.

The digression helps us to understand Moussorgsky. Besides the music to Œdipus, he was already busy with an opera on the subject of Victor Hugo's "Han d'Islande." He was now to take a decisive step, since art claimed him from military duties. In 1857 therefore he resigned his commission and defied fate. A man is but one, and the Fates are three (as the poet reminds us), and the unequal contest soon brought Moussorgsky to his knees, glad to compromise with things human and divine!—airs from heaven and bread-and-butter from earth. All the great composers, and some small ones, have had to fight the issue. Our hope at present seems to be that the bitter pill may be gilded for those to come by happy parental

dealings in soap, shoes, powders and pastes. How we shall scurry to hear Sir Snooks Jones, Bart., (said to be worth £40,000 a year!) And yet a moment's reflection will show that though such men command theatre and concert-room and plenty of long ears, they do not so easily cajole the Muses. They have an immediate outlet; he of the plough or the counter will perchance emerge when some artistic rag-picker sorts out the dust-heaps of the British Museum. The works of Sir Snooks and Sir Ploughman eventually both go the same way. There is no individual immortality in art, in spite of the historian. A mere roll of names, a thing little better than the crumbled stone in any churchyard, is almost all Time leaves in the long run.

Moussorgsky declared pretty much the same opinion in his autobiography; witness this:—'Art is a means of human intercourse, and not in itself an end.' He goes on to declare that by virtue of his views on the musical art, he stands apart from all other musicians. Just as Virchow and Gervinus believed human speech to be governed by musical laws, so Moussorgsky held that the function of music is the interpretation of man as a whole, not that of mere isolated beings. This is an essential article of our new musical faith. Whereas the old masters viewed musical composition as a rare and individual manifestation, we regard it as a language (if not *the* language) of the world. One readily marches under Moussorgsky's banner when he proclaims the reforms of Palestrina, Bach, Gluck, Beethoven, Berlioz, and Liszt to have been salutary and helpful—but denies immutability. They are all subject to the higher laws of evolution and progress, just as is the whole realm of thought.

Moussorgsky, high-strung, sensitive, and all too prone to drown and deaden his pain with anything that offered, lived an irregular life, (doubtless, much offending the peaked noses of the virtuous), so that in 1866 he broke down. Two years later, behold him miraculously furnished with the score of an original opera, 'Boris Godounov,' which after severe revision, was actually performed at the Maryinski Theatre, Petrograd. Moreover, it went well, and won its way for at least a score of nights. Another dramatic work of about this time was undertaken in the 'Princes Khorantschin,' the libretto being a recommendation of Stassov's. For a certain period before Rimsky Korsakoff's marriage, Moussorgsky had shared his rooms. A time of wretchedness followed the inevitable change in the course of events. Later, a tour in South Russia, with the vocalist Mdlle. Lenov, hinted at comparative prosperity. But it was too good to last, if indeed it had not come altogether too late. Like many another man of genius before him, Moussorgsky was the victim of evil circumstance.

Look on this Picture and on that.

Mrs. Rosa Newmarch's moving estimate is well worth perusal. Says she:—'Look at Repin's portrait of the composer painted shortly before his death, and compare it with Borodin's account of the smart young guardsman, and we shall need no further biographical commentary. In this slovenly, broken down, but not unlovable personality we may find traces of the Moussorgsky of earlier days, at once the most imaginative and realistic of musicians; something, too, still lingers of Moussorgsky the humourist, the composer of such satires upon his contemporaries as 'The Gallery'

and 'the Lay of the Classicist;' still more of Moussorgsky the child-lover, who had such tender insight into the children's world; but the most haunting impression of the portrait is that of the pitiful, tragic Moussorgsky, dying in the prime of life, his fine genius already dimmed and deteriorated, destined never to know the invigorating joy of recognition and success.'

Moussorgsky, as will by now be clear, stood for socialist art. The actual thing of the people, not necessarily beauty, but life, that he aimed at. Musical nihilist he was not. There is no such thing, unless it means giving up all for nothing—which many a man has done. He had a good, clear, lofty ideal. He was up against the shams and dilletanteisms—weeds which choke the garden of art. Inadequate technique was his one weakness—artistically. His attempt at *opéra dialogué* (his own term) foreshadows a style of art which has already grown in significance, since so many composers in different countries are successfully testing it. Moussorgsky died in the Military Hospital, Petrograd, in 1881. His works are these:—

VOCAL MUSIC.

OPERATIC.

'The Matchmaker,' opéra dialogué (one act only).
'Boris Godounov,' national music drama in four acts with a prologue (completed 1870, first performed at the Maryinsky Theatre, Petrograd in 1874).
'Khovanstchina,' national music drama in five acts (1872-1880).
Fragments of an opera based upon Gogol's tale, 'The Fair at Sorochinsk.'

CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA.

'The Destruction of Sennacherib' (1867).
'Joshua Navin' (1877).
(Both these works based on original Hebrew themes).
Female chorus from 'Salammbo.'
Mixed chorus from 'Œdipos.'

SONGS.

'Saul' (1863).
'Night.'
'Peasant Cradle Song.'
'Savishna'
(The Idiot's song, 1865).
'Gopak.'
'The Wish.'
'The Seminarist' (1866).
'Mushrooming.'
'Hebrew Song.'
'The Little Feast.'
'The Goat.'
'The Magpie' (?)
'The Swaggerer.'
'The Classicist' (1867).
'The Orphan.'
'The Nurse and Child.'
'The Gallery'
(musical pamphlet, 1870).
'The Nursery' (seven pictures of child-life (1860-70).
'Left Behind.'
'No Sunlight' (a cycle of six songs (1874–75).
'Dances of Death'
(four songs, 1875).

Published posthumously:

'The Quiet Heights.'
'O, the Honour!'
'Dawn.'
'The Vision.'
'Down the Don.'
'The Dneiper.'
'The Flea.'
'Callistratus.'
'The Traveller.'

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC.

Intermezzo in modo classico (B minor).
Scherzo in B.
Turkish March.
Fantasia, 'Night in the bare Mountain.'

PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

Pictures from an Exhibition (ten musical sketches, subjects taken from pictures by the celebrated Russian architect, Hartmann.
Méditation.
Une Larme.
'The Sempstress.'
'On the Southern Shores of Crimea.'
'In the Country.'
'A Child's Joke.'
Intermezzo.

Russia boasts two famous musicians bearing the name of Taneiev. Nicholas Rubinstein's pupil—SERGIUS IVANOVICH TANEIEV (born in 1856), pianist (especially Taschaikovsky-interpreter), is noteworthy as the composer of the *Orestes* trilogy, symphonist and author. ALEXANDER SERGEIEVICH TANEIEV (born in Petrograd, 1850), studied with Reichel of Dresden, and with Rimsky-Korsakoff and Petrov of Petrograd. He came under the

artistic sway of Balakireff. Taneiev's most ambitious works include the one-act opera, 'Cupid's Revenge,' two Symphonies, two Suites, two String Quartets and a Symphonic Poem, 'Alesha Popovich.'

GLAZOUNOV enjoyed advantages denied to some of the pioneers of his school. His musical education was well supervised from the first, it being clearly perceived that music was to be the boy's vocation.

Both his father and mother—of old Russian merchant stock—were musical. The Glazounovs are the oldest publishers and booksellers in Russia. In 1882 their services were publicly recognized by the bestowal of a patent of nobility upon the chief surviving representative—father of our musician.

Alexander Glazounov, born at Petrograd in 1865, at nine years of age studied piano playing under Mdlle. Kholodkova, and soon began to compose. After three years' elementary work he was placed under the pianist, N. Elenkovsky.

His next important step, taken on the advice of Belakireff, who had praised the boy's attempts at composition, led to his choice of Rimsky-Korsakov as teacher. During the next eighteen months he studied composition assiduously. His lessons were given on Sundays, week-days being devoted to ordinary school-work.

Soon the systematised study brought forth good fruit. In 1882 Glazounov's first symphony was produced at one of the free concerts given by the School of Music, under Belakireff's direction. A couple of years later, Liszt, always ready to help a promising artist, introduced the work to Weimar. The occasion also brought the young symphonist and his benefactor face to face.

The list of instruments which Glazounov is understood to have been proficient in handling is a remarkable one, including as it does 'Cello, Clarinet, Horn, Trumpet, Trombone and Pianoforte. Their chief use was of course in giving him an unusually practical grip of orchestral technique.

Glazounov during the ten years which ensued, found occasion to travel in Belgium, Spain, France, England and Africa. His music gradually found its way into the chief European centres. Belaieff (king of music-publishers) lent considerable assistance, as for example by his inclusion of several important works of Glazounov in the Paris Exhibition Concerts of 1899, no less than by his admirable publications. So thorough an all-round musician as Glazounov could barely escape the schools; and in 1900 Petrograd Conservatoire engaged him as professor of score reading and instrumentation. Five years later he became head of the same institution. His most important works are his symphonies, of which Messrs. J. & W. Chester's catalogue mentions particulars of eight. They are these :—

1. In E (1881).
2. In F sharp minor (1886).
3. In D (1890).
4. In E flat (1893).
5. In B flat (1894).
6. In C minor (1896).
7. In F (1902).
8. In E flat (1906).

Other instrumental works include the four Overtures :—

1. On Greek themes (1881).
2. On Greek themes (1882).
3. Carnival (1893).
4. Solemn Overture (1900).

SUITES.

1. Characteristic (1881).
2. Ballet (1894).
3. Mediæval (1902).

For the theatre Glazounov wrote the following:—

BALLETS.

Raymond (3 acts), 1895. | The Seasons (1 act), 1899.
Love's Ruses (1 act), 1898. |

A Quintet, five Quartets, a Suite and a set of Novelettes are also to his credit. Of pianoforte music, only two Sonatas, some Variations, a Prelude and Fugue and a Suite appear in the complete catalogue. Finally mention may be made of Glazounov's Violin Concerto, Fantasy for 'Great Russian Orchestra' (balalaika, domra, gousli, &c.), and some half-dozen cantatas.

SCRIABIN (ALEXANDER NICHOLAEVICH), (1872–1915), composer and pianist, was born in Moscow. All good Russians when they compose join the army, and young Scriabin was no exception to the rule. He joined the cadet corps, which found him his early training. Then abandoning a military career, he entered Moscow Conservatoire and studied with Safonoff, gaining during his twentieth year the coveted gold medal.

Leaving the Conservatoire, he travelled for a time, visiting the principal European capitals, winning considerable reputation as pianist and composer. For five years onwards from 1898 he fulfilled the duties of professor of pianoforte-playing in his alma mater. And from 1903 to the time of his sudden and early death was wholly occupied with composition.

His works include two symphonies, a pianoforte concerto, ten sonatas for pianoforte, and several sets of studies, impromptus, mazurkas and preludes. His style is accounted in the highest degree revolutionary. In other words it is daringly ambitious and experimental. The two latest

Sonatas, which Scriabin produced in Moscow, are understood to represent the composer's pantheistic and philosophic outlook on life. No. 9 is all gloom and mystery, No. 10 is radiant with beauty and energy. Scriabin visited England in 1914.

RACHMANINOFF'S harmonies and general invention are fresh and ingenious, his colour schemes are sometimes powerful (as in the "Isle of the Dead," Op. 29), but he does not otherwise claim a place with the ultra-moderns, since he is decidedly formal in his general expression. Sergei Rachmaninoff was born in Novgorod (Russia) in 1873. He studied in the Conservatoires of Petrograd and Moscow with Siloti and Arensky. His compositions include a one-act piece 'Aleko,' produced in Moscow in 1892, and the operas 'Covetous Knight' and 'Francesca da Rimini' (1906), two Symphonies, an orchestral Fantasy, the Bohemian Caprice, three piano Concertos, two Suites, an Elegiac Trio, and the Prelude in C sharp minor (Op. 3, No. 2), which has achieved world-wide popularity. Rachmaninoff is a first-class pianist and has travelled much in Europe and America.

GLIÈRE is an accomplished representative of the modern Russian school. Born at Kiev (Russia) in 1875, he became a pupil of Taniev and Ivanov at Moscow Conservatoire, where he spent the six years 1894–1900. His first work of importance was a sextet in E flat major, a form in which he has since left other examples. His symphony in E flat (Op. 8) was produced in 1902. Other works include an octet (Op. 5), and two string quartets.

STRAVINSKY is at once Russia's greatest musical genius and one of the present age's topmost men. He has all the fire and glow of imaginative youth

in his veins coupled with an unrivalled capacity for orchestral expression. His technique is both rich and individual. Rhythm (the modern criterion of musical power) with him is an instinct. He paints the wildest, most amazing stories, as easily as other men read them. His capacity for the grotesque is only equalled by his splendid technical ideal. Much of his work forces one to suspect the old concept of music as a matter of the heart. Stravinsky sometimes appeals to that, but more often he stirs the brain and almost seems to dazzle the eye, so realistic is his art. His is the direct outcome of Berlioz's experiments. Not that he is a borrower or an imitator—no man less so—but rather that he is the inheritor of the prophet's mantle.

Igor Stravinsky, born at Oranienbaum, near Petrograd, in 1882, was the son of a distinguished Bass operatic singer. He studied composition as a private pupil of Rimsky-Korsakov and soon displayed both a lively genius and marked independence. In the matter of brilliance and a leaning towards the picturesque, Stravinsky from the beginning rivalled his master's vein.

'Look here,' said Korsakov as they rehearsed his pupil's *Bird of Fire* music, 'stop playing the horrid thing, lest I shortly begin to like it."

Stravinsky's first orchestral work—a symphony in E flat—composed when he was 24, is full of ingenuity and promise. The 'Fantastic Scherzo' followed in 1907, and the 'Firework music' (Op. 4) in the succeeding year. This latter work is described as a Fantasy for large orchestra, as follows:—3 flutes, 3 oboes, 4 clarinets, 2 bassoons, 6 horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, bass tuba, kettle-drums, triangle, cymbals, bass drum, celesta, campanelli, 2 harps, 16 first violins, 14 second violins, 12 violas, 10 'cellos, and 8 basses. The

music is sensational and full of novel rhythmical device, being at the same time brilliantly coloured, and (in spite of its wild rhapsody) offering a well-knit logical sequence of thought, sparkling with wit and humour. It at once proclaims the born orchestral thinker. The year 1908 also brought forth the 'Funeral Song,' in memory of Rimsky-Korsakov.

Stravinsky's nearest approach to a popular work is in the ballet, 'Bird of Fire,' which is comparatively easy to understand. A more remarkable example of ultra-modern music is found in the ballet *Le sacre de Printemps*, which, by its absolute novelty arouses violent opinions whenever played. The Petrushka music, produced in 1911, at the Châtelet Theatre, Paris, sounds a less remote note. Here the composer gives us a series of realistic scenes from everyday Russian life. Petrusuka (or Harlequin) is the central figure. The action takes place at carnival time. The music, which sometimes recalls Moussorgsky, is at once vivacious, humorous, racy, crude and garish—like the life it depicts—scored with supreme art and considerable beauty of colour.

'The Nightingale' ballet opera (founded on Andersen's book), is in the composer's most characteristic vein. It was given in London during Sir Thomas Beecham's Russian season at Drury Lane, in 1914.

CHAPTER V.

England and the Musical Revolution.

ENGLISH music during the last twenty years was faced with revolution. Her art had become isolated and insular. Unlike her neighbours in art, she had nothing to fall back upon, excepting quite distant traditions of the 17th century. Where Germany proceeded with calm steps, from Beethoven to Wagner, and thence to Strauss and the rest—leaving elements of discord and revolution to those that sought them—England had no immediate past to rely upon, her music being of the schools, quite small, vain and narrow. Those in authority, viewing continental symptoms with alarm, were determined to smother the smouldering sparks. But they might just as well have tried to quench a glowing furnace with a toy squirt.

How is it that we hear no more of Sterndale Bennett?

What has become of the wonderful academical works of the Victorian composers? Where now are our Ouseleys, Onslows, Stewarts, Barnbys and Tours, Potters and Macfarrens?

The answer is clear.

They are relegated to the past by the irresistible sweep of modern progress.

EDWARD ELGAR, who with Granville Bantock leads the new movement amongst British composers, dates his real career from the year 1900, when *Gerontius* sprang into world-wide fame.

He was born on June 2nd, 1857, at Broadheath, near Worcester, where his father, W. H. Elgar, was organist. The boy's first studies centred upon violin-playing, which Adolphe Pollitzer superintended. The instrument seemed to point the nearest way to a career in those early years. Soon Elgar was fiddling away, as soloist when opportunity offered, and at other times 'leading,' or otherwise assisting in Stockley's Birmingham Orchestra, the North Staffordshire Festival Orchestra, and others. The year 1882 brought him the conductorship of Worcester Instrumental Society. Three years later he succeeded his father as organist of S. George's, Worcester, where Elgar senior had played for thirty-seven years. Local work of the kind was only temporary, and in 1889 Elgar removed to London. Ill-health compelled a retreat in a couple of years' time. He then made Malvern his home, working wholly at composition.

Elgar became the first professor of music in Birmingham University in 1904. He was knighted during the same year. He finally made London his permanent home and became conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra.

Now was confirmed the success of 1901 (when Düsseldorf proved to England that she had a composer of genius in her midst), by a three days' festival, wholly devoted to the English composer's works. Such a thing had never been heard of before in London. Yet this Schulz-Curtius planned, and Richter carried out, and to it the King and society came; then they heard and were conquered.

In recent times Elgar has more frequently appeared as a conductor.

Nearness makes it hard for the critic to measure a man of his own time. Small exaggerated details loom preventingly; big sweeping lines are over-

looked. From a distant standpoint, such as the coming historians will take up, all will be clear but those very minutiæ we thought so much of.

Elgar's is one of the most interesting and important of careers in our English musical annals. It proves a very unusual illustration of how a man of merit may surpass the accredited representatives of art, though the latter have behind them Colleges, Academies, Universities, and the whole paraphernalia of Society influence and learning, parasitically deployed.

Neither can the influence of Elgar's work in England as yet be estimated. His ambition has led him to essay almost every branch of his art. Few things has he touched that have not immediately yielded success. He has uplifted the cantata, replanted oratorio. His symphonies are to be reckoned with the few modern examples that count. His violin concerto is one of the two or three works of its class that may reasonably be allowed to supplant Mendelssohn and Bruch,—grown old in the service. If Elgar's output in chamber music is only limited, at least it is of good average quality.

His most original work is perhaps to be found in his Overtures and the 'Enigma' Variations. Next to these, one places the Oratorios *The Apostles* and *The Kingdom*, works which have a well-sustained epic character, while they also possess considerable qualities of vitality, beauty, and imaginative power. The *Dream of Gerontius* which made the composer's reputation in 1900 has great sensitiveness and sweetness. Something of the monotonous intimacy of the poem, seems, however, to militate against its permanency as an art-possession. Its very success makes one fear for its future. Of the noble first symphony special notice is taken later in these

pages. Of the second essay in this form (the Symphony in E flat) it may briefly be said that it worthily upholds the reputation of its predecessor without perhaps really eclipsing it.

The work, in four movements, bears a Shelley motto :—

> Rarely comest thou,
> Spirit of delight.

and is dedicated to King Edward VII. The opening Allegro strikes a vigorous vein, full of energy and purpose, rich in themes and constructive genius Its rhythm is somewhat square-cut, and the orchestral colouring appears to be laid on with a heavy hand

The slow movement, a Funeral March in C minor, is marked by dignity and pathos. A Rondo (in C major) of slightly bizarre design, almost mocks the former mood. The Final , a noble movement in E flat, restores the equilibrium. The ordinary full orchestra of triple wind and trumpets is supplemented by a couple of harps, and (besides the usual kettle-drums) two side drums, bass drum and cymbals. The work was produced at Worcester Festival, September 13th, 1911.

Falstaff—a symphonic study (Op. 68)—is to all intents a Symphony in one movement with a programme. But though there is but a single movement, its divisions are well marked. Thus the opening delineates Falstaff and Prince Henry; another section is devoted to Eastcheap—Gadshill—the Boar's Head—closing in revelry and sleep. Then comes Falstaff's March—the return through Gloucestershire—the new King—the hurried ride to London. Lastly is King Henry's progress—the repudiation of Falstaff and his death. The work is a big serious effort, something after the style of *Cocaigne*. To use one of Elgar's own phrases, it

literally chatters, blazes, glitters and coruscates—as the incidents in Shakspere's outline demand.

By way of summary: before Elgar's time England has had great musicians, some of whom achieved fame in days of small things: such were Byrd and Purcell, names eloquent of whole centuries; there were also the men constantly rising from obscure ranks to become respected Doctors in music and organists; men before his time had made money by making fun of music, as for example did Sullivan; position too was sometimes theirs—lo! the long train of *Knights* in music; but in the tall panoply of England's historical page, *nobody* before Elgar ever penetrated to such purpose by sheer virtue of noble work—unblotted by so much as a single unworthy note.

His chief works include:—

Light of Life (*Lux Christi*), (Oratorio), Worcester, 1896.
Black Knight (Cantata), Worcester, 1893.
King Olaf (Cantata), North Staffordshire Festival, 1896.
Scenes from Bavarian Highlands, Worcester, 1896.
Caractácus (Cantata), Leeds, 1898.
Froissart (Overture), Worcester, 1890.
Organ Sonata, 1895.
Enigma Variations, 1899.
Cocaigne (Overture), 1900.
Dream of Gerontius, Birmingham Festival, 1900.
The Apostles (Oratorio), Birmingham Festival, 1903.
'In the South' (Concert-Overture), 1904.
The Kingdom (Oratorio), 1906.
Symphony in A flat, Manchester, 1908.
Violin Concerto, 1909.
Second Symphony in E flat, Worcester, 1911.
Falstaff (Symphonic Study) (Op. 68), Leeds Festival, 1913.
Carillon (*Chantons, Belges, Chantons!*) (Op. 75), Queen's Hall, Dec. 7th, 1914.
Polonia, London, 1915.
'The Starlight Express' (Fantasy), Kingsway Theatre, 1915.
'Spirit of England' (Choral), Leeds, 1916.

Two works selected for more detailed consideration, represent the composer's earliest and latest manner.

Youth's cheerful sallies are sometimes (though upon very rare occasions) refreshingly instructive, as in Elgar's *Wand of Youth* Suite (No. 2), which pleases by its naif charm and unconventional outline. One realises with an effort that such music was the untutored production of a boy of twelve, already quitting the blind alleys and stony steps of Macfarren and Ouseley for the flowered ways and dewy sights of Nature and Spring.

Six toys make up the budget, which has a picturesque march; a fanciful, twinkling little Scherzino, full of child-laughter and bells; a Moths' and Butterflies' Dance, neat and trim; a gushing, sunny-toned Fountain Dance; a mirthful, characteristic number, labelled 'Tame Bear,' and finally, a breathless, exciting Chasse à l'ours, dedicated to the genus *ursus ferus*, as distinguished from *l'ours apprivoisé*.

If the Suite had pleased forty years ago as much as it does now, Elgar's career would have begun as a prodigy-composer.

Native Symphonists under the old order of things cannot be said to have thriven. Too much regard was paid to formal moulding, and too little to freedom of thought and a lofty instrumental technique. The very soul of a symphony is its instrumental speech, be our message small or great. Without a powerful idiom the symphonic vehicle is helpless.

There had been many skilful attempts in the direction of a proper realisation of the symphonic form, before 1908; but that year saw its emancipation suddenly and completely accomplished. By a stroke, the older English efforts were scot and lot relegated to the chances of history. This magical change was wrought by virtue of a first great effort, in which things trite, obvious, evanescent and

fleeting, played no part. In all symphonic work, History warns one how little there is of permanence.

Just as the work we are about to describe has distanced its older competitors in the same field, so to-morrow it may itself become outstripped in the race for a foremost representative place in the esteem of English symphony-lovers. The composer has up against him all modern progress. If he does not employ it, his work will be wrecked. His threefold ordeal compels a natural genius in the speech of each instrument, a strong and characteristic colour scheme, and bold, sweeping, imaginative, formal lines.

Edward Elgar's *First Symphony*, an epoch-making work, is certainly the only one such remarks could fittingly preface.

Taking the Symphonic mould and adapting it to his especial needs, the composer has given us a work which is fresh in material, of remarkable unity of aim, of great scope, wide practical learning, and undoubted seriousness. The basis of the conception is what might have been anticipated. The movements have themes in common, one indeed (that of the Introduction) pervades the whole work; the Variation form which is happily a favourite method in the composer's previous orchestral works, is here everywhere apparent; and the *formulae* and scheme of the older schools ending with Beethoven and Brahms, are so concealed that one can scarce believe that they are of any vital influence in the construction of the work.

In modern music, custom lies lightly—a mere featherweight, and it was well that the old scheme of things by which composers were guided should give way to more elastic methods. From an analytical point of view, established procedure, reduced to the barest statement, was in this wise:—

'First make a theme, continuing it by episode or bridge; introduce a second subject in the dominant or nearly allied key, and after a codetta or some such temporarily conclusive passage draw a double bar and repeat; develope the previous matter in a working-out or fantasia; then repeat the first section with the second theme transposed to the tonic, adding a good summary or coda.' This simple recipe served Beethoven, who rarely departed far from it. Modern writers, accustomed to the liberty and even license of tone-poem and music-drama, could not be so fettered. Therefore Elgar rightly proceeds from a different point of view. He seems to say *My work does not depend primarily upon theme or thematic construction; I shall begin as I like. Having launched the matter of my discourse, my aim is to produce colour and to offer a glowing picture to the mind's eye, such as requires no set plan.* One theme does not necessarily lead to another, development, enlargement, contrast of any kind comes into view; consequently you may search vainly for any pronounced thematic periods. Rhapsodical statement takes their place, productive of many luminous thoughts which spring to utterance, saving us any wearisome studied mechanical workmanship. The whole fabric is thus a texture of moods. The composer may be thinking of the sky or the sea, or the effect of the wind, rain on the roof, the rush of many waters, or even of the stressful life of General Gordon, whose name has been mentioned in connection with the work, and for the time being the music follows the mood. Your absurd old divisions (First Subject, Bridge, Second Subject, Coda, &c.) you will never find. The attitude is that of the unfettered poet, who, like a sensible artist, shapes his means to his ends and is not controlled by them: mere form is

meaningless. Consequently many subjects great and small make their appearance, to be continued or developed according to the skill, fancy, and rich poetic utterance of their inventor.

The advantages of the old scheme were that great unity was secured by the employment of definitely moulded themes—pregnant, few in number, but of vital importance to the work. They were easily comprehended and identified in the various stages of their presentation and development. They kept the composer to the point. He could not wander from it with impunity.

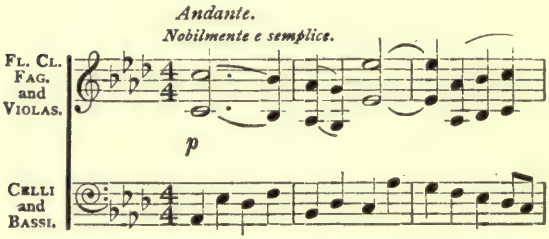
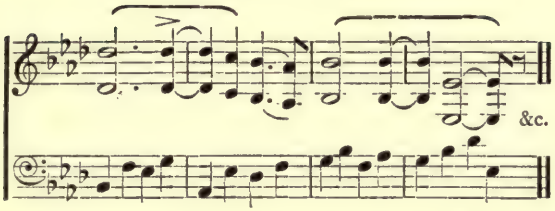
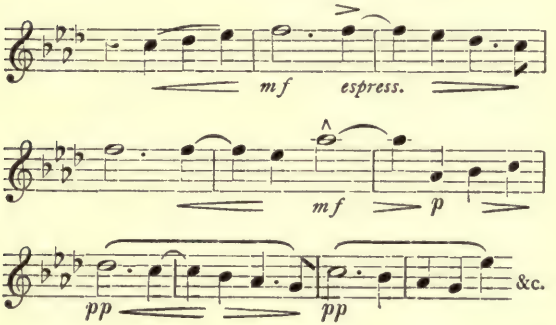
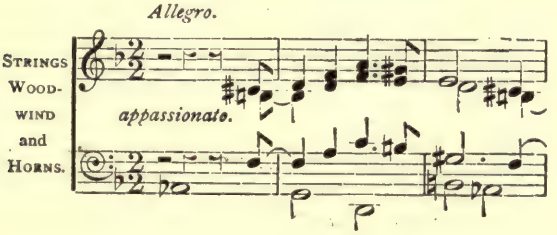
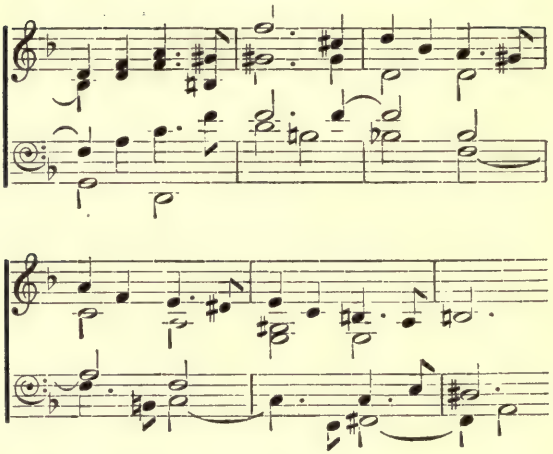
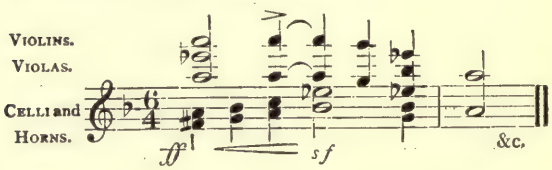
But on the other hand such set artifice trammelled many poetic writers who could not subordinate their methods to authoritative tradition. Hence the necessity for a new mould. We have long been prepared for such a recasting of methods. Wagner's Overtures, especially *Lohengrin*, *Meistersinger*, and *Tristan*, showed that half the old notions can be dispensed with by a master who knows his own mind. Thus one theme or a dozen can enter into a work, providing they grow naturally and do not wreck the dramatic continuity, if such is wanted. Development may follow the immediate statement of any subject. Mere repetition (or even recapitulation) is tautological and tiresome; and even in the Art-song, strophical form—definite series of repetitions—has given way to a carefully woven fabric which employs little or no real repetition; development or sheer invention taking its place. What could be done in a mere song or in an overture could be equally well done in a Symphony. Add to this a consideration of the evolutionary methods of music-drama, and the whole situation is summed up in a few words.

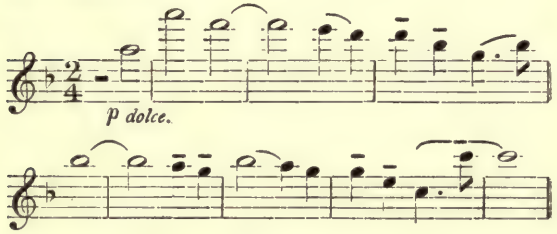
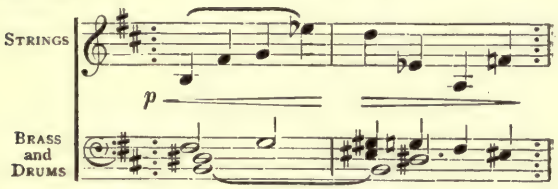
But with the clear outline gone, the colour scheme needs a wonderful controlling hand, since

definition after all is some part of art—even of the wildest impressionist art. Without definition there is no sanity.

Elgar's work stands midway between a great sweeping reform and the old classic style. He is occasionally near to Brahms; this is seen in the working-out of the first movement, which is carried somewhat too far, and comes perilously near to an anti-climax; moreover, the listener loses interest; his attention is not powerfully gripped.

Richter, some ten years ago, suggested the composition of a Symphony, and Elgar brought the hint to realisation during his stay at Rome in the winter of 1907, putting the crowning touches to his work soon afterwards at Hereford. Its production at a Hallé concert in Manchester, on December 3rd, 1908, before a large and representative audience, was directed by Richter with the greatest possible *éclat*, in the composer's presence.

The opening *Introduction* gives the clue to the whole conception. A melody in broad, march-like rhythm, with thinly suggested low-lying harmonies, clearly depicts the *Hero* (whether it be Gordon, as has been suggested, or another), setting out on his life's quest. Bravely he goes forth, clad in youth and strength; flowers spring up in his footsteps.

The melody is continued in this way :—

His the strenuous life which rejoices in a thousand hard opposed obstacles. The *Allegro* movement is suggestive of such a thought :—

Vigorous, rhythmic, and of bold harmonic movement, the subject works up to a strong climax, restating itself in more powerful colours. Not confining itself to mere statement much of the material is quickly developed. Close-knit, many-tinted and earnest, the movement presses onwards by means of many diversified figures, of which the following is a fair instance :—

The second theme (or that convenably so named) is only reached after several smaller themes or broken anticipatory snatches of the same have

been touched upon. The first violins sing out the expressive melody, over a murmurous subcurrent of seconds, violas, and flutes. Both here, and indeed throughout the movement, occasional significant references are made to the Introduction, which, according to the official analysis, is regarded as the *central theme.*

After its full realisation, this softer mood yields to a return of the spirited first theme, which enters dimly uttered by horns and wood-wind, as the echo of a thought that is scarcely fled. The spirit of fresh invention hovers over the whole of this first section with its many quaint touches which surprise and please, as in the following idea, derivable, perhaps, from the bass of the Introductory* theme :—

* Compare this fragment with the *Introduction* of the last movement.

In his long and masterful working-out section, if indeed one may still employ the old term for the thing that is new, many of Elgar's devices recall the well-known methods of Brahms, totally differing however in their results, since the English composer deals neither in moroseness nor gloom.

Delicacy and sentiment at times have free play, as though the *Hero* had said within himself—

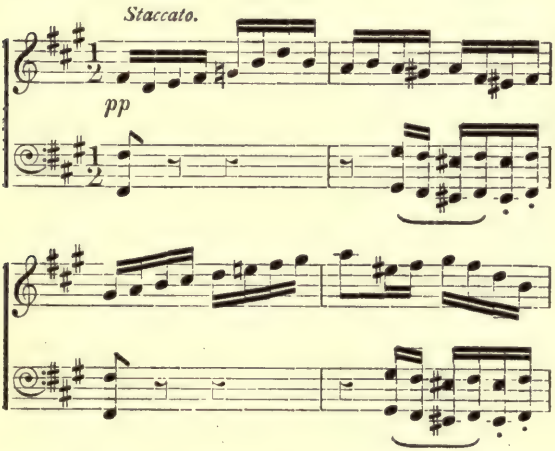
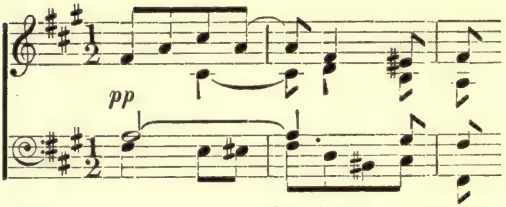
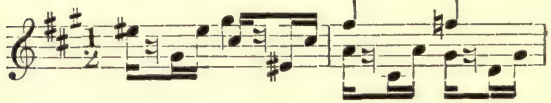
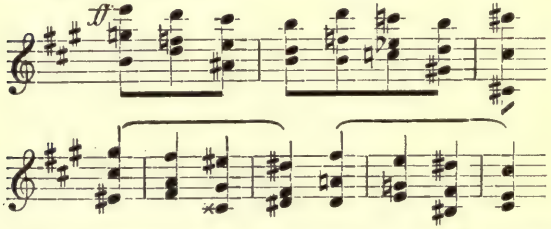
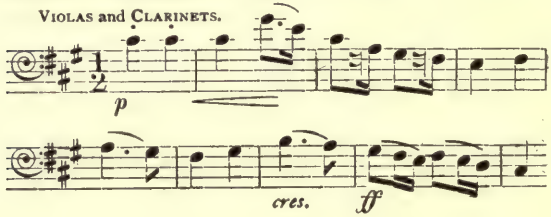
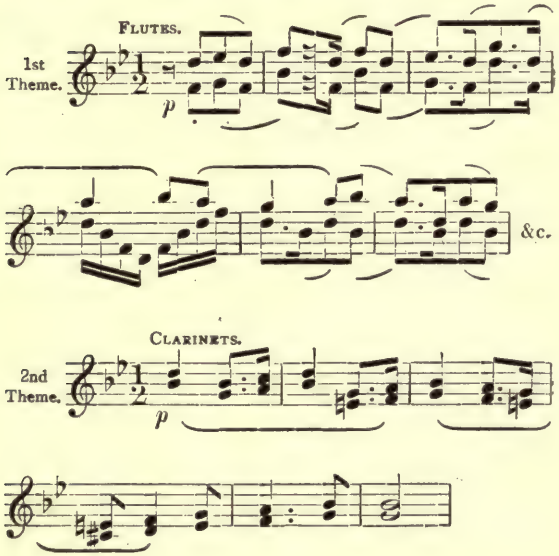
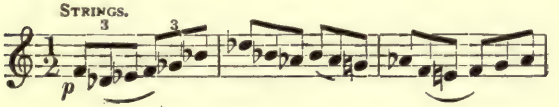
> Were it not better done, as others use,
> To sport with Amaryllis, in the shade,
> Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?

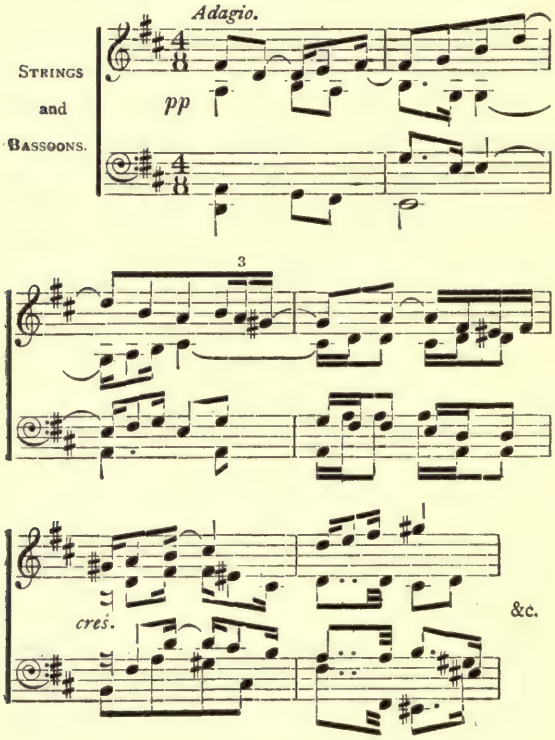
Fairy-like strains of harp and flute steal upon the ear, charming one's fancy. But no! the business is stern reality. And so is it after the pathetic passages which enchant us time and anon—

> The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,
> No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
> I hear the echoes through the mountains throng;
> The winds come to me from the fields of sleep.

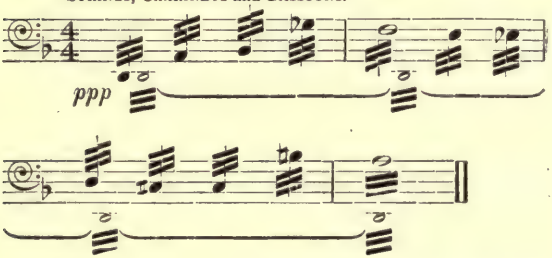
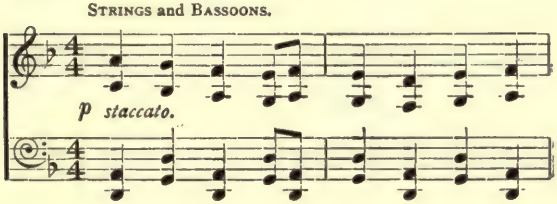
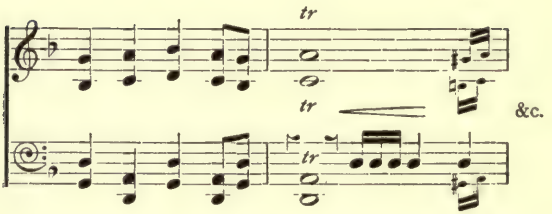
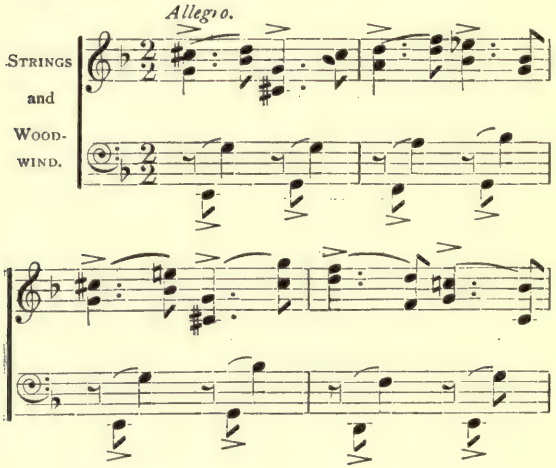
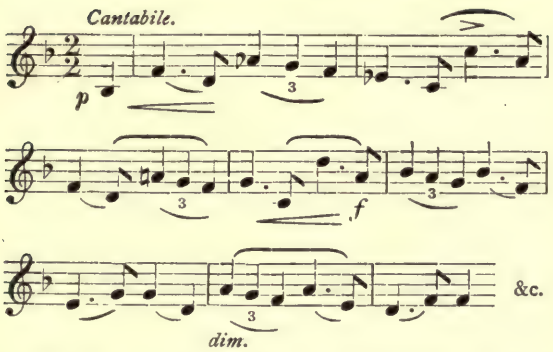
and ever the trumpet calls us back to strife. Powerful passages formed of subjects and fragments not omitting the introductory or *central* theme, interspersed with motives of less significance, in diminution, in augmentation, with extensions, contractions, and all the hundredfold art of the variation and fantasy forms, picturesquely orchestrated and moulded with a sure hand, carry the middle section to its climax and thence to the Recapitulation. Of this huge fantasia it may be repeated that the length is somewhat riskily protracted. The spell which enthralled us is scarcely maintained, and the interest seems at times to flag and become almost exhausted, as though the apparel of celestial light had faded into the light of common day.

For the final recapitulation one has nothing but admiration. The themes recur naturally and with exquisitely contrived variety. A fine definite tonality is gradually asserted and the movement closes tranquilly on the chord of A flat major. It is a great movement, powerfully conceived, splendidly executed as regards the orchestra, the resources of which are deeply drawn upon; but whether the themes themselves (from the highest point of view) can be accepted as great is a matter of philosophic doubt.

Fresh and spontaneous, the SECOND MOVEMENT, a veritable *Scherzo* though not so entitled, comes in grateful relief:—

The rhythm is swift and subtle; the effects are at once delicate and inspiring. A characteristic fragment following the opening statement is worth quotation:—

So, too, is a figure which leaps to utterance in the sequel:—

Another short passage serves to show the kind of harmonic tissue in which the movement abounds. Both forms appear:—

The thematic material is plentiful, and at times rich and attractive. The following brief melodic outline is evidence of this:—

A well balanced middle section, in which flutes and harp play a graceful part, serves to set off this *Scherzo* movement which may be pronounced successful throughout its full flight :—

In the course of their unfolding, the themes yield many varied effects of contrast and colour. For example, the opening passage is transformed to a quiet string figure :—

while a little further on it is combined with the Introductory or *central* theme. The close is quiet, and leads from a hollow fifth upon E, directly to the SLOW MOVEMENT which is cast in D major.

This is a miracle of design, being formed from the figurate material of the *Scherzo*, which (as comparison in our quotations will show) is reproduced in the melody, note for note.

Expressive, aspiring, surcharged with exaltation—with *Sehnsucht*—this music moves us strangely, yet not perhaps very deeply. The heart-forged utterance and moving cadence of the greatest masters are not those of our English composer; yet he accomplishes much, moving in a comparatively limited sphere. Everywhere is feeling, order, and intellectual charm; there is nothing of triteness or commonplace. The close comes solemnly, and we are reminded of Wordsworth's verse:—

> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the eternal silence.

A low rustling passage, as of unquiet thought, heralds the approach of the FINAL MOVEMENT:—

A brief reference to the Introduction may be traced in the continuation:—

The *Allegro* proper opens with a firm, bracing theme which suggests action, vigour, strength of purpose :—

If a programme, or clue to the dramatic purport, is ever vouchsafed, here we shall expect to find the very crisis of the whole conception. Not that the themes are so wonderfully significant; indeed we add the only remaining extract that will help our brief survey :—

But the general trend is plainly towards a climax, and, as we conjecture, one of mixed tragedy and victory.

> I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
> The best and the last.

The final bars form a veritable pæan of victory —the last victory—Life over Death.

And so we quit the consideration of this work—the whole canvass of which breathes with vitality and interest. Its first performance in 1908 under Richter at the Hallé Concerts, Manchester, was received with acclamation.* It will give pleasure to all music lovers wherever they are. Those who love sensation for its own sake will not be disappointed; the ambitious will find it carries them down their favourite paths; and those who venerate Art can cheerfully view the Symphony as a clear step in the direction of a fuller realisation of modern orchestral tone-effect than has previously been the possession of English music.

* In its later progress throughout Europe and America it won complete success.

WILLIAM WALLACE, son of a distinguished surgeon, was born at Greenock in 1860. His first studies were devoted to medicine, and for that purpose he entered Glasgow University, afterwards proceeding to Vienna. But he was already launched in musical composition, which eventually drew him to the Royal Academy. His bent discovered itself in the large orchestral forms which he handles with confident ease and a high degree of skill. His output includes two symphonies, six symphonic poems, four suites, a cantata and numerous chamber pieces.

G. W. L. MARSHALL-HALL (1862–1915), gifted composer of the highest ideals—grandson of the famous physician of that name, was born in London in 1862. He studied at King's College, and afterwards at Oxford, and in Switzerland and Germany, finally spending a year at the Royal College. From the first, dramatic work absorbed him. His earliest efforts in this direction were 'Leonard,' 'Dido and Aeneas,' and 'Harold'—big earnest works of great aspiration and no little actual achievement. In 1890 (on Hallé's initiative) Marshall-Hall accepted the post of Ormonde Professor of Music in Melbourne University. There he became the head of a big and important movement—founding the Conservatoire of Music, and producing many of his larger dramatic works. His latest compositions included three string quartets and a quartet for horn and strings. A one-act opera, 'Stella,' was produced at His Majesty's in 1912 and ran for a week at the Palladium in 1914. His masterpiece is the three-act opera, 'Romeo and Juliet,' (Enoch & Sons, 1915) to Shakspere's text. For a period the Ormonde Professorship was in other hands, but the University eventually re-appointed their strong

man, and Marshall-Hall had been back at his old post some six months when the end came suddenly. A good linguist, an orator, a first-class essayist with some claims as poet and librettist, Marshall-Hall may truly be described as a man of parts.

GRANVILLE BANTOCK is the most considerable leader in the forward movement of English musical progress of to-day. It is one of his conspicuous merits that he handles the small as easily as the larger forms. Thus his quite little pieces, designed for the children's festivals, are no less instinct with grace and beauty than the more imposing things for large choirs and orchestras. His melody is flowing and free, spontaneous and full of ingenuity. There is energy and colour in his harmonies, which however speculative, are always intelligently wrought. Rhythmically his music is full of variety and daring. The composer is not content with ordinary possibilities, for even the East must yield up her secrets in this regard. Dramatically, the whole music-fabric is expressive in the highest degree. Only perhaps the mere declamatory side of his art seems scarcely to keep pace with the highly developed major part. Repetition of words and phrases, rather than a nervous musical speech, seems responsible for this. It is not too much to say that in Bantock lies much of the hope of English music.

He was born in London on August 7th, 1868. His career for long hung in the balance between civil service and science. He was twenty-one when he seriously entered upon what proved to be his life-work. Like Tchaikovsky who began his first real music-lessons equally late in the day, he lost no time once the die was cast.

After a brief course at Trinity College of Music, Bantock succeeded in gaining the Macfarren Scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, where he became one of Frederick Corder's pupils. These academic days were very productive, the young musician's name often appearing in the concert programmes. After leaving the Academy his first professional exploit was with the Gaiety Company, which toured the English provinces and visited the United States and Australia. In 1893 the graver duties of the editorial chair called him to direct the fortunes of the *Quarterly Musical Review*.

Our musician now devoted his energies to orchestral conducting. He succeeded in making the concerts in the New Brighton Tower Pavilion known far and wide for their fine aim and able execution. That they did not attract enough public support was a misfortune which in no wise concerned their art-ideal.

He was appointed to the Principalship of the Midland Institute School of Music (Birmingham) in 1900, and, in succession to Elgar, afterwards occupied the Chair of Music in Birmingham University—a position he still holds. Professor Bantock's compositions are numerous. They include two one-act operas, the cantata 'The Fire-worshippers' (1892), seven tone-poems—*Thalaba*, *Dante*, *Fifine at the Fair*, *Hudibras*, *The Witch of Atlas*, *Lalla Rookh*, and *The great god Pan*—three overtures, suites, *Omar Khayyam*, *Sappho*, and six volumes of songs of the East.

Bantock's 'Atalanta in Calydon.'

(The first really *Choral* Symphony.)

Everyone hearing of a Choral Symphony naturally thinks such things began with Beethoven though

the antiquarian knows better, since at least one much earlier work used voices and instruments symphonically. But the word CHORAL, applied to a Symphony, if it means anything, should mean that voices are paramount in the work so described. And in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, or indeed in any other work new or old beside that of Bantock's, which I am about to describe, that was not so.

On the 25th of January, 1912, Manchester, the home of Hallé for thirty years, as it was that of Richter for another twelve, did itself the high honour of producing for the first time in the world's history a new absolutely CHORAL symphony. This was Professor Granville Bantock's 'Atalanta in Calydon,' dedicated to the members of the Hallé Choir and Mr. R. H. Wilson, its director, and performed under Bantock's own direction.

Those who have followed the bent of Bantock's muse during this period, must have remarked his increasing devotion to vocal music as a vehicle of high aesthetical expression. Part-music in England had been expressive without being eloquent, impressive and unimaginative from the days of Byrd to those of Sullivan. It is an open secret that the English competitive festival movement (with Blackpool in the forefront) fascinated our English composer to an extent that he determined to attempt some deeply experimental things such as 'Lucifer in Starlight,' and 'The lost leader.' Such works by their energy, variety, and richness of style brought into use a new choral technique, foreshadowed doubtless by Wagner, Cornelius and Strauss, but none the less welcome. Now Bantock has gone very much further in an identical direction, actually producing a four-movement Symphony for chorus alone.

Why he has used the expression CHORAL Symphony for a chain of unaccompanied choruses becomes clear as we hear the music and study the score. Its form is symphonic in the sense of contrast and proportion. Thematic material of course there is of appropriate and characteristic kind; but its use is not the *raison d'être* of the work, nor is its set development any important part of the design. One very soon perceives that the nature of the text demands rhapsody, spontaneity, impulse, indeed all such things as are the reverse of studied effort.

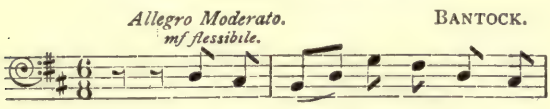
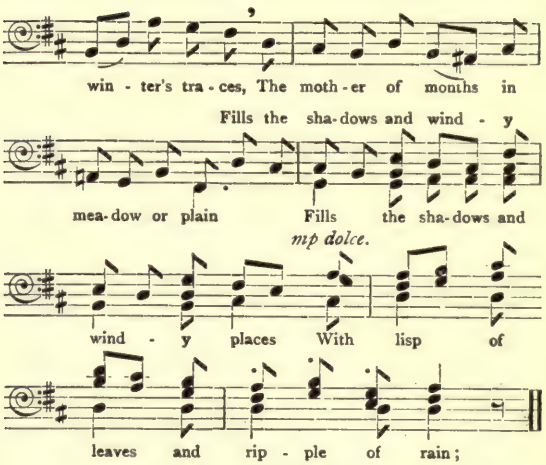
Swinburne's glorious verse from 'Atalanta in Calydon' supplies the poetic basis of the Choral Symphony. This 'Greek' tragedy treats of the doom of Meleager, wrought upon him and his mother Althea and her brothers through the ill-fated love Meleager bore Atalanta, who (under Artemis' guidance) had slain the wild boar, ravager of Calydon.

Bantock, for the purposes of his Symphony, has selected the first and second, and parts of the third and fourth great choric odes, and well do they serve him with their strange effects of strophe and antistrophe, which somehow seem to suggest the great rollers on the open sea. The music divides itself into twenty vocal parts and has the *look* of an instrumental score. It has also something of the effect of one. The disposition of voices yields five distinct choirs, ranging from left to right, looking with the conductor's eye. 'Not less than ten voices to each part,' says the score; so two hundred voices form the minimum choir. A moment's reflection shows that the five complete choirs allow of any part (treble, alto, tenor, bass) being heard in its simple form, or doubled, trebled, quadrupled, or in full quintuple shape, without

involving the remaining three parts, which may be weak or strong, or become gradually reinforced as the different groups join hands. Thus any melody or important theme can be thrown into strong relief at any moment. Unexpected antiphonal effects also crop up. Above all, voices are rested in the course of their five-fold labours and can phrase with twice their accustomed ease.

With one of the most glorious poems in the English tongue an extended technical resource, a new-found inspirational motive in the novel mechanism of a vocal symphony, Professor Granville Bantock has produced not indeed a masterpiece (the work is hackneyed to death) but a pregnant work which may confidently be declared as epoch-making, for it will set whole generations of composers cudgelling their brains to match or eclipse it. In the effort perchance the masterpiece will come, and whether Professor Bantock himself provides it, or another, matters little. The initiative is his.

Bantock's score puts anyone versed in the New Music in a good humour by its sheer enterprise and cunning, but the actual sound after all (as it should) awakens profound astonishment. You seem never to have heard choral music before. And those who reject the idea of orchestralisation must needs go back to the art of Palestrina and Byrd if they would have anything of an analogy. That to us is too remote, and seems of the same temper of criticism that discovers Job behind Swinburne's verse-music.

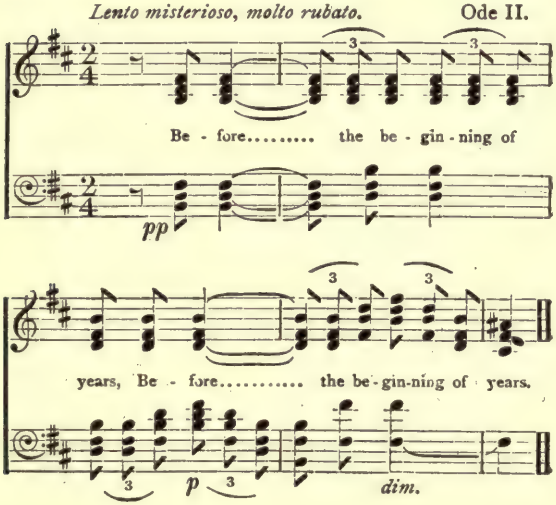
OPENING OF "ATALANTA."


win - ter's tra - ces, The moth - er of months in
Fills the sha - dows and wind - y
mea - dow or plain
Fills the sha - dows and
mp dolce.
wind - y places With lisp of
leaves and rip - ple of rain;

The musician plunging directly into his subject produces long well-designed themes and nervous highly-wrought harmony, taken up by this or that of his four male choirs with extraordinary ease and effect. He lights up the quick-changing poetical imagery, passing from one contrasted thought to another with marvellous dexterity. It is no easy task tersely and musically to suggest such phrases as 'hounds of spring,' 'ripple of rain,' 'the brown bright nightingale amorous,' 'the tongueless vigil and all the pain.' For as the speed of light to sound, so is the comparative pace of poetic and musical utterance. Yet to dally with Swinburne's phrases would impair the energy of his verse. Bantock compasses the difficulty with sheer success, moulding his galloping motives to the ideas of hounds, and those softer ones to suggestions of rippling water and the love-lay of nightingale, just as such images momentarily flash past.

The most downright realism occurs in the setting of the verset :—

'And the south wind and the west wind sing.'

Here while two choirs hold out a droning triad (covering two octaves from A) the others 'with pursed lips' make strange moaning sounds that are not unlike to the noise of winds. Vigour, imaginative glow, and a decided leaning towards instrumental technique in the phrasing and melodic moulding, characterise this opening number, and its general impress is full, rich, aspiring, and of wide outlook, such as a true symphonic movement naturally yields.

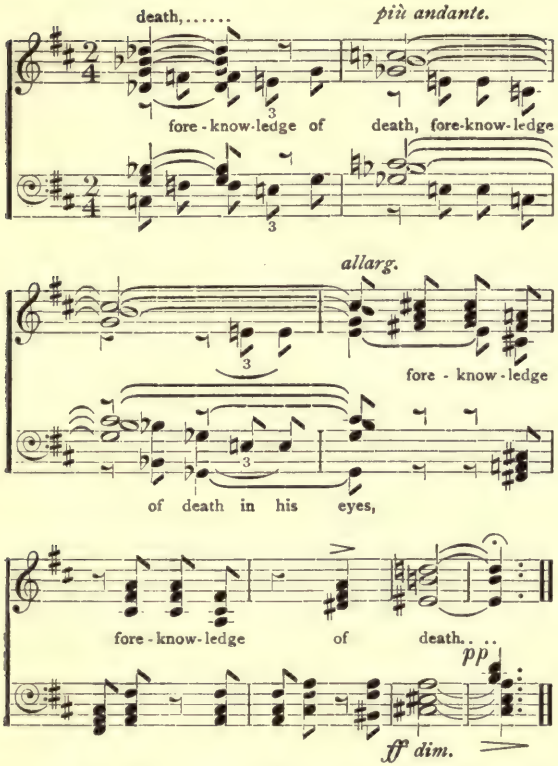
The music of the Second Ode, employing full five choirs of voices male and female, strikes an instant note of mystery and awe such as the verse demands, making much use of antiphonal mutation.

It has been likened to the slow movement of the Symphonic disposition, and its rhapsody bears out such an idea by its great expressive power—for that is the one certain characteristic of Symphonic slow movements. A few verses convey some notion of the difficult task which Bantock has succeeded in, for Swinburne weaves his own music so to speak, leaving little for the musician to do—save to set it down in definite notes.

> Before the beginning of years
> There came to the making of man
> Time, with a gift of tears;
> Grief, with a glass that ran;
> Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
> Summer, with flowers that fell;

A most fragrant musical thought leaps forth in the utterance 'remembrance fallen from heaven'; while an astonishing realistic touch occurs in a wide-spread chord of the $\frac{6}{4}$ covering three octaves, given *fortissimo*, in illustration of the 'strength without hands to smite.' Some occult ritual-air seems to have inspired the section beginning:—'And the high gods took in hand.' The sturdy sound grows more expressive until a definite string-theme, accompanied by suggestions of horn-notes and wind, uprises at the words:—

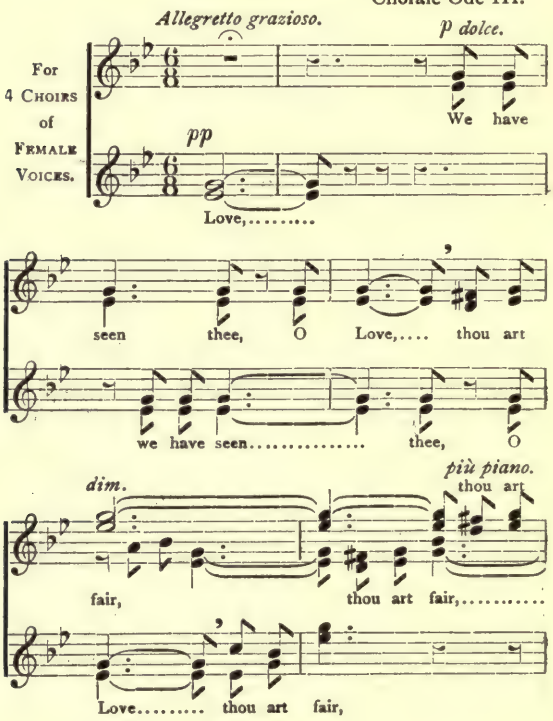
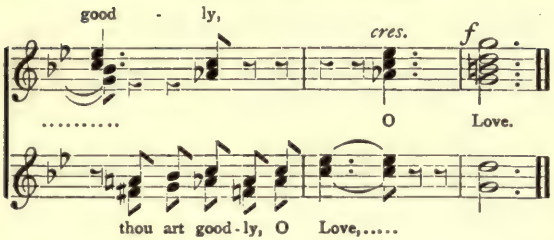
> 'Eyesight and speech they wrought
> For the veils of the soul therein.'

By contrast with the earlier number, this second Ode commands a wider and surer range of expression. It is intensified in its emotional content and its technique is altogether more under control. The close comes dimly, with a *ppp*, 'between a sleep and a sleep.'

The technical difficulties are somewhat greater. A difficult corner to round is seen at the verse which speaks of 'the foreknowledge of death.'

Yet, in the original performance, although the choir had come very near to a breakdown a few pages previously, this they accomplished with comparative ease, keeping the tonality as clear as could be.

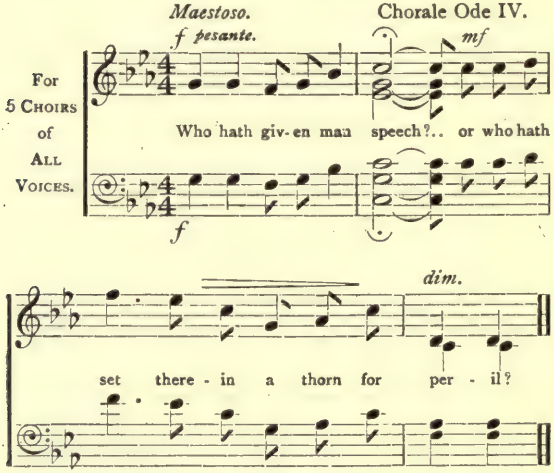
If the symphonic chain be extended, the third Ode naturally figures as a Scherzo. It is scored

for female choirs, of which there are four. The idyllic grace of the music veils the pessimism of the poem, and that only obtrudes itself in the close. Perhaps the most astonishing feature of the work here is its sense of completeness in the harmonic colouring. Nowhere is the lack of *basses* felt, and here and there the women's voices render superb lower harmonies which take their place.

Chorale Ode III.

From an artistic point of view the contrast is further remarkable, and makes the Finale all the more welcome when it arrives. The exquisite lightness of touch, in verse as in music, makes a direct appeal. Thus the lines run :—

We have seen thee, O Love, thou art fair ; thou art goodly, O Love ;
Thy wings make light in the air as the wings of a dove.
Thy feet are as winds that divide the stream of the sea ;
Earth is thy covering to hide thee, the garment of thee.
Thou art swift and subtle and blind as a flame of fire ;
Before thee the laughter, behind thee the tears of desire ;
And twain go forth beside thee, a man with a maid ;
Her eyes are the eyes of a bride whom delight makes afraid ;
As the breath in the buds that stir is her bridal breath :
But Fate is the name of her ; and his name is Death.

In the Finale Bantock draws together the threads of his discourse and makes a supreme effort with his five-fold resources of male and female voices. The opening is moulded from the ritual-motive above mentioned. One, however, need make no attempt to trace definite themes, since (as has been said) they do not enter into the essential fibre of the formal scheme. Numerous passages occur, in this Finale, where one can trace an instrumental disposal of the musical material, so that it would be possible in places to merely write in the names

of certain instruments, and by that process obtain an effective-looking orchestral score. But Bantock himself is against much being made of this idea, and refers to Byrd and Palestrina as his forerunners in the matter of choral composition.

It would be easy to write a volume on the vista which the new Symphony has opened up for choral work in England. Mere part-song stuff will gradually disappear. There will be a new life for the really great choral music of the Elizabethans, and others whose work merits it.

A new orchestral symphony entitled 'The Hebrides' produced in Glasgow on February 1st, 1916, by the Scottish Orchestra Society, shows Professor Bantock's genius in its most recent light. The form of the work, while still admitting four

defined movements, so knits these together clearly as to suggest the symphonic poem. A quartrain of verse by the Earl of Eglington prefixed to the score, throws some light on the music's aim.

> From the lone shieling of the misty island,
> Mountains divide us and the waste of seas—
> Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
> And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

The composer has caught up the dream and made it ours. It is engirdled of battle. The Norsemen descend upon the Hebrideans, whose wild chants supply much of the thematic material of the symphony. Thus the melody of 'The seagull of the land under waves' permeates the opening movement, with its glimpses of sun, mist and sea.

Anxiety seems the keynote of the succeeding number—anxiety of the Islesmen for their hearths and homes. The third section brings invasion with it. Here we have the airs 'Kishmul's galley' and the inspiring 'Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,' which proclaims the Norse defeat. Then the dream fades, and the themes—amongst them the 'Harris love lament'—echo more faintly and die away. The production of this aspiring work on the date above-mentioned was a notable triumph.

Omar Khayyam—Bantock's masterpiece—is, I think, the most imaginative work ever written by an English composer. It has breadth, bigness, quality, and an amazing spontaneity and power. One is not concerned with the question of its being a great representative work. The idea of the 'Roast beef of old England' has all too long usurped that. The daring flight we have here takes us to the heart of poetry, and if, in its course, we seem to knock our heads against the loose old pantheism and pot-theism of the twelfth century

Persian, what does it matter? The love music is delicious. The two-and-seventy jarring sects make a fine foil for the enchanted verse which follows:—

> We are no other than a moving row
> Of magic shadow-shapes that come and go.

The Mosque music, borrowed from the *Koran*, the Potters' music, with its six pots personified, after ancient mediæval custom, and the Repentance music, with its jewelled background of suggestion, indicate some of the landmarks in this richly-teeming and entrancing masterwork. The orchestration and general technique is always daring and full of brilliant achievement. The first part was produced at the Birmingham Festival of 1906, Part II followed at Cardiff in the succeeding year; Birmingham brought forward the third part in 1909, since which date various London and provincial societies have performed the whole trilogy.

One of the most interesting personalities in modern music is that of FREDERICK DELIUS. Of decided creative ability and gifted with a rare poetic temperament, he has ventured where few or none have been before him. He has caught the music of wind and wave. His lyre is that of Nature, and gives off rhapsody such as only the poet ever realises. The fact of his not being popular is a high virtue. He will become popular when beauty and imagination are beloved of the people. Already his compositions, understood or not, command enthusiasm and warmth of affection not always vouchsafed the greatest masters. Delius is essentially modern. His vogue is with the cultivated. Whatever he has accomplished is the sheer outcome of an irrepressible muse. For no man has ever less overtly courted fame, though few have struck it so unmistakably.

Delius was born in Bradford (Yorkshire) in 1863. His parentage was German, but of long settlement in England. The violin was his first instrument, upon which, under good masters, he became proficient. Commerce, not art, was the parental idea. So at 20, when most men are embarked upon the great business of life, Delius found himself marking time with the planting of oranges in Florida. His new and lonely surroundings whispered strange music in his ears, and without doubt made the necessity of an outlet in commanding musical speech a pressing one. Nature has always been his inspiration. Here he began to read her pulse. The luxuriant tropical vegetation may be held to have given him a richer musical vocabulary. His moods are almost tropical ; and one discovers in the beat and trend of his thought the riper and larger experience of the cosmopolite composer. After some years, Delius left orange-planting and Florida, for Leipzig and music. Jadassohn and Carl Reinecke were his masters. In this famed centre it was also his good fortune to meet Grieg.

Since 1890 he has lived chiefly in France, dividing his time between Paris and Grez-sur-Loing. In the latter little idyllic village much of his best work has been created.

His marriage with Jelka Rosen, the paintress, has been of some direct importance to his art, since some excellent translations of his texts have resulted. The following is a chronological list of Delius' published works :—

'Legende for Violin, with orchestral accompaniment' (1892).
'Over the hills,' fantasia-overture for grand orchestra (1893).
'Piano Concerto in C minor,' (1897).
'Norwegian Suite' for orchestra (1897). Entr'acte Music to Heiberg's satirical drama, 'Folkeraadet.'

'Koanga,' a music-drama (1896–7).
'Dance of Life,' a tone-poem for orchestra (1898).
'Paris,' a nocturne for orchestra (1899).
'A Village Romeo and Juliet,' a music-drama after Gottfried Keller's novel of the same name (1900–2).
'Margot la Rouge' ('A Night in Paris'), a musical tragedy in one act (1902).
'Appalachia,' a tone-poem for orchestra and chorus (1903).
'Sea-drift,' for baritone solo, orchestra, and mixed chorus (1904).
'A Mass of Life' (after Nietzsche's 'Thus spake Zarathustra') for soli, chorus, and orchestra (1905).
'Brigg Fair,' an English Rhapsody for orchestra (1907).
'Songs of Sunset,' words by Ernest Dowson, for baritone solo, soprano solo, chorus and orchestra (1907).
'In a Summer Garden,' Tone-poem for orchestra (1908).
'A Dance Rhapsody,' for orchestra (1909).

G. H. CLUTSAM, born at Sydney (Australia), in 1866, began as a song composer. This was natural, seeing that in his early capacity as accompanist he toured with Amy Sherwin, Melba, and others. A symphony by Clutsam was played at Covent Garden Promenades in 1890. Since that time the composer has made himself better known through the channel of opera. His one-act piece, 'A Summer Night,' was produced by Beecham at His Majesty's in 1910. König Harlekin came to a hearing in Berlin (under Cortolezis) in 1912.

HAMISH MACCUNN it has always seemed to us, is—in no limited sense of the word—the Walter Scott of music. His are the same high spirits, the daring, the pellucid clearness and the melodic outline. In his most characteristic music we glimpse mountain and flood, glistening torrent and glowing heather; there is the rustle of tartan and plaid with their grim hint of dirk and claymore. We traverse the secret glens to the skirling of pipes and the tramp of armed men. And the peaceful

lochs and the lovely isles seem to beckon and whisper old heroic poetry.

Such things as the big orchestral poems, 'The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow,' 'Land of the Mountain and the Flood,' and 'The Ship o' the Fiend,' offer a whole library of rich picturesque Scottish tone-poetry. They have been accepted as such, and have made their way round the world. MacCunn's Operas and Cantatas are vigorous and racy examples of their class. If we praise him for his clear eye and healthy imagination, things Scott possessed in profusion, the tendency to over-rapidity, scorn of softness and sheer delight of sensuousness, an overweening liking for definity and tune seem shared by both men.

The world favour which greeted his instrumental music, it is true, has not been extended to his operas. But then, whatever its future may be, opera, in this country at the present time spells little more than chimera. There was literally nothing to compete with such vigorous and dramatic works as *Jeanie Deans* and *Diarmid* in their day. A first-class revival would reinstate them in popular favour.

In his 'Four Scottish Traditional Border Ballads' (Weekes & Co.) for Chorus and Orchestra, the composer proves himself in full possession of his vigorous dramatic genius, which adapts itself to the modern idiom of the day with conspicuous success. Such works will be welcome not only wherever the old border minstrelsy is loved: they will make new friends at home and abroad.

Even as we write, this career, so full of achievement and purpose, reached its close on Aug. 2nd, 1916.

The following are MacCunn's chief works:—

ORCHESTRAL OVERTURES, etc.

'Cior Mhor,' Crystal Palace, 1885.
'The Land of the Mountain and Flood,' Crystal Palace, 1887.
'The Ship o' the Fiend,' Henschel Concerts, and Crystal Palace, 1888.
'The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow,' Crystal Palace, 1888.
'Highland Memories,' three descriptive pieces, Crystal Palace, and Philharmonic, 1897.
'Psalm VIII,' for chorus and organ, Glasgow Exhibition, 1901.

Nine part-songs, six original pieces, 'Scotch Dances' for piano solo, three pieces for violoncello and piano, extra numbers for various musical comedies, and about eighty songs, are also among MacCunn's published works.

OPERAS, etc.

'Jeanie Deans' (libretto by Joseph Bennett), in four acts, Lyceum Theatre, Edinburgh, 1894.
'Diarmid,' Grand opera in four acts, libretto by the Duke of Argyll (then Marquis of Lorne), Covent Garden Theatre, 1897.
'The Masque of War and Peace,' (libretto by Louis N. Parker), given at a single special performance for the benefit of the Household Troops, Her Majesty's Theatre, 1900.
'The Golden Girl,' musical comedy, written by Captain Basil Hood; produced at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Birmingham, 1905.

CANTATAS, BALLADS, etc., (for Chorus and Orchestra).

'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' Crystal Palace, 1888.
'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' with soli, Glasgow Choral Union, 1888; Crystal Palace, 1889.
'Bonny Kilmeny,' with soli, Paterson's Concerts, Edinburgh, 1888; Crystal Palace, 1889.
'The Cameronian's Dream,' with baritone solo, Paterson's Concerts, Edinburgh, 1890; Crystal Palace, 1899.
'Queen Hynde of Caledon,' with soli, Glasgow Choral Union, 1892; Crystal Palace, 1892.
'The Death of Parcy Reed,' for male chorus and orchestra. (See 'Border Ballads,' 1913, published by Weekes).
'The Wreck of the Hesperus,' produced with pictorial illustrations at the Coliseum Theatre, 1905.

R. W. VAUGHAN-WILLIAMS is practically a pupil of Maurice Ravel, for his earlier studies in Cambridge, London and Berlin, still left him free to adopt a more congenial style, which Paris (through Ravel) enabled him to develope.

Born in 1872, at Down Ampney (Gloucester), the boy in his fifteenth year attended the Charterhouse. Then he went to Cambridge, and afterwards to the Royal College of Music, Kensington. Berlin then attracted him for a time, and he became a pupil of Max Bruch at the *Akademie der Kunst.* Finally his educational period closed with a course of study under Maurice Ravel, in Paris.

Two appointments were his during this time—the organistship of South Lambeth Church and a lectureship in connection with the Oxford Extension movement.

As a composer, Vaughan-Williams' style is broad and free, allowing full scope to his vigorous and fertile imagination. He differs from his French master in that he relies less upon the chromatic genus. Much of his harmony (however modern) almost suggests a modal origin which may have sprung from the composer's love of folksong. To the same source one may trace his spontaneous, characteristic, and racy melody. His resourceful and imaginative orchestral work, of which the 'Sea Symphony' is a favourable example, ranks with the most important in England to-day.

A London Symphony produced at the Queen's Hall (F. B. Ellis' concerts) in 1914 offers a big popular canvas portraying the sights and sounds which the city may be supposed to yield up to a modern tone-poet. The work is in four movements, the first of which, like Wordsworth's sonnet of more than a century ago suggests the city which—

doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky.

The slow movement has been playfully likened to Bloomsbury in a fog. A Night picture is conveyed by the Scherzo. The finale is a fine passionate poem, enclosing a solemn March—hinting perhaps at the teeming life, and the sight so touching in its majesty.

These are a few of his leading works:—

'Sea Symphony,' for soli, chorus and orchestra (text from Walt Whitman), Leeds Festival, 1910.
'Garden of Proserpine,' for chorus and orchestra (Swinburne's text).
Four Mystical Songs (from George Herbert), Worcester, 1911.
Two Quintets.
'Towards the Unknown Region' (Walt Whitman's text), Leeds, 1907.
'Willow Wood' (text by Rossetti), produced by the Musical League, Liverpool, 1909.
'In the Fen Country'—Symphonic Impression.

FREDERIC AUSTIN has been so much associated with grand opera that one naturally thinks of him first as a vocalist. But there is another side to his life, of which provincials at all events see very much less. This of course is his creative work.

Born in London in 1872, he was taught at first by his mother. He afterwards studied with Dr. W. H. Hunt, of Birkenhead, and with W. H. Grimshaw (Best's assistant) in Liverpool. The ordinary round of organ-playing, church-work, and teaching occupied some of the years prior to 1902, when he made his London début.

But though the rapid development of his powers as a baritone artist of the front rank brought him into fame at the festivals and at Covent Garden

and the chief provincial theatres, our concern is chiefly with his output in musical composition. Here Austin has to his credit the Overture 'Richard II,' produced at Liverpool in 1900, a Spring Rhapsody, given at Queen's Hall, London, in 1907, 'Isabella, or the Pot of Basil'—a symphonic poem, a Festival Prelude for strings and organ, played in London in 1906, besides a long list of chamber music such as the Trio for piano and strings, and songs, including 'Songs of a Farmhouse,' for voice and orchestra (Novello, 1914), pianoforte and 'cello music.

A set of three 'Songs of Unrest' (dated 1916)* shows the composer's talent at its best, offering a most successful application of the folksong style to lyrics of an advanced passionate type.

Roger Quilter has a unique reputation as a composer of refined and beautiful songs. He was born at Brighton in 1877. His education, begun at Eton, continued in Frankfort under Iwan Knorr. An early success was Quilter's setting of Tennyson's 'Now sleeps the crimson petal.' Seven four-part songs to Herrick's words come in the same category. In 1907 a Serenade for small orchestra was given at Queen's Hall. Three English Dances also for small orchestra, 'Earl Haldane's Daughter'—a scena for baritone and orchestra—and a Trio for piano, violin, and 'cello are amongst the composer's important works.

But it is by his songs that his reputation has been won. These include:—'Four Songs' (Forsyth), 'Four Songs' (Elkin), 'Three Shakspere Songs' (Boosey), 'Song Cycle' (six lyrics of Herrick) (Boosey).

* Published by Augener.

JOSEPH HOLBROOKE was born at Croydon in 1878. He studied composition under Frederick Corder, at the Royal Academy of Music. His first work of any importance was a Tone-poem for orchestra dealing with the subject of Poe's 'Raven.' This was produced by Manns at the Crystal Palace in 1900. Holbrooke had already displayed his liking for the bizarre and fantastic. A series of Tone-poems illustrating such subjects as Longfellow's weird poem of 'The Skeleton in Armour,' Poe's mystical 'Ulalume,' and the same poet's wildly delirious 'Masque of the Red Death'; these show the early bent of the composer's mind—ambitious, poetical, with a strong leaning towards the ultra-dramatic. From the first, Holbrooke has shown an unusually keen instinct for orchestration. Like Berlioz and his school (herein partially opposed to the Wagnerian), he thinks orchestrally. His was always a fine gift of invention. And his best works rank with the best this country has produced. Take for example his Queen Mab Tone-poem (Leeds, 1904).

Latterly his labours have been chiefly in the direction of the theatre, a development foreshadowed by his earlier ballets and operas and confirmed by the New York productions of 1915–16.

Holbrooke's chief works include:—

DRAMATIC.

Varenka.
Children of Don.
Dylan (1916).
Pierrot and Pierrette (1909).
Coromanthe.
The Moth and the Flame.
Enchanted Garden (1915), Opera-ballet, in which Madame Pavlova played the leading dance-rôle.
Bronwen.

ORCHESTRAL, etc.

Dramatic Choral Symphony (Cardiff, 1914).
Byron.
Les Hommages.
The Girl I left behind Me (Variations).
Three Blind Mice (Variations).

Like others of the modern school, CYRIL SCOTT received a thoroughly scholastic training. Born in 1879 at Oxton, Cheshire, he studied at home until his seventeenth year, when he entered the Hoch Conservatorium, Frankfort. Here he became a pupil of Professor Iwan Knorr.

As he developed his powers of musical expression, formal conventions lost their hold upon him, and his numerous works show how complete has been the growth of individuality and style. He is often referred to as the English Debussy, a description which has obviously arisen from the English writer's use of the whole tone scale and its derived harmonies. His works include a Quintet for pianoforte and strings, a sextet for the same combination, and a quartet for strings. For orchestra his compositions comprise a Symphony, two Rhapsodies, a Christmas Overture, and the three Overtures, 'Aglavaine et Selysette,' 'Princess Maleine,' and 'Pelléas et Mélisande.' He has also composed an important Pianoforte Concerto (1915).

Some fortunate gale surely blew PERCY GRAINGER from far Australian waters to these misty shores of ours, to comfort and cheer us with his quips and cranks and merry jests. We jovially hail this inventor of 'threesomes' and 'sixsomes' as one of the newest of the new spirits in the new school, whose pipings can set old Handel jigging it down the Strand to a ripping clog-dance, and in another mood can give us a sweet picture of Molly on the sea-shore, and heaps of pleasant toys of fertile fancy.

Percy Grainger's first view halloo of parent earth was in Brighton (Melbourne, Australia) in the year 1882. His nursery lessons were given by his mother. When ten years of age he took up his

studies for some eighteen months with Louis Pabst in Melbourne. Then Master Grainger made trial of a public career, giving pianoforte recitals with such success that he was able to provide for travel and lessons in Germany, where Kwast and Busoni took him in hand. Grainger's English life began in 1900, when he settled in London and quickly established himself as a leading pianist. He returned to Australia in 1915. His style is individual and masterful. He has fire and genius and can electrify his audience.

As to his music, that is like himself, energetic, imaginative and capricious. The late J. F. Runciman averred that he stands alone and is the one cheerful sunny composer living. H. T. Finck, the American critic, felt tempted to say that Grainger's compositions are the best things that have ever come from England. And so it is, this genial artist makes friends wherever he or his music goes, just as easily as the conscientious critic makes enemies.

His titles, time-directions and expression marks make lively reading in the Schott editions. But there is no doubt that their defiance of convention is helpful to a proper idea of these productions of an unfettered nature. Not a few of Grainger's compositions are based upon folksong. To catch up and convey such musical lore needs a very real gift. It is just the re-telling of an old tale. But you must have ability to adjust old airs to new ears, quick impulse, perfect command of the idiomatic folkmusic, and the ready imagination essential to its proper presentation. Success in this line is therefore no small matter.

'Some die singing,
And some die swinging,'

as one of the settings cheerfully puts it; may Grainger's song live for ever!

Here are some of the titles, from Schott's list:—

Green Bushes (Passacaglia), for full orchestra.
Colonial Song, for harp and orchestra.
Shepherd's Hey (Morris Dance), for full orchestra.
Clog-dance, 'Handel in the Strand,' for piano and strings.
Irish Tune from Derry, for string orchestra.
Mock Morris, for seven-part string orchestra.
Molly on the Shore (Irish Reel), for *string foursome.*
My Robin is to the Greenwood gone (a *ramble*), for eight instruments.
Walking Tune, for five instruments.
In a Nutshell, Suite in four movements, for orchestra (1916).

The old deep-rooted prejudice against feminine art is fast becoming obsolete. In every department of music there are signs that woman's ability is gradually gathering to a great issue. All honour then to those pioneers who carve a fresh outlet for such energy, familiarising the public with a new idea, thus making the efforts of generations to come, easier and more acceptable. ETHEL SMYTH leads in this category. She has shown that the sacred preserves of Opera may be made to unlock their heavy doors and to yield their choicest treasures. This is no small achievement for the single-handed, and we hail it with delight in this brief chronicle.

Daughter of General J. H. Smyth, R.A., and born in London, Ethel Smyth studied music in Leipzig and afterwards with Heinrich von Herzogenberg. A String Quintet and a Sonata for Piano and Violin commemorate these student days. Her first prominent appearance before the English musical public was in 1890, when Manns produced the Serenade in D for orchestra at the Crystal Palace. This success was confirmed by that of

the Mass in D, which Barnby directed in the Albert Hall a few years later.

Not these works however, but Opera made Ethel Smyth famous. And the conquest of the stage by a lady artist is one of the peaceful but none the less renowned victories of our time.*

Among Ethel Smyth's dramatic works are these :—

Fantasio (libretto founded on De Musset and written by the composer), Weimar, 1898.
Der Wald (one act), German libretto by the composer, Dresden, 1901; Covent Garden, 1902. Full score published by J. & W. Chester.
Les Naufrageurs ('The Wreckers'), libretto by H. B. Leforestier, Leipzig, 1906; Covent Garden, 1909.
The Boatswain's Mate, Forsyth Bros., 1915.

In 'The Boatswain's Mate' Dr. Ethel Smyth has produced a score which is at once brilliant, characteristic and witty. The work is thoroughly modern. Its technique is rich and masterly. Founded on W. W. Jacobs' story, the libretto is frankly a jest, but it is so good a jest, and so superbly carried through that interest is breathless from end to end. The composer has a fine capacity for delineation, and a quick mirthful invention that makes new and attractive the most ordinary conversational chaff.

It is not only the first considerable operatic achievement by any lady in the world; it is also one of the few really witty stage-productions of our time.

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* The secret should someday be worth unfolding, so that the future musical wayfarer in composition may possess himself of the talisman. For as things now are, Art is in the Publisher's pocket: Opera is with the Undertakers (or Syndicates): and our concerts are crippled by amateur committees who imagine music as always subservient to the rule of three.

Sir Thomas Beecham's productions in London and Manchester (1915–16) have already made the work widely popular.

W. H. Bell, born in 1873 at S. Alban's, won the Goss scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music in 1889. He became a professor at the same institution some 14 years later. His first works were produced by Manns at the Crystal Palace. Since then his music has been heard at the Gloucester festival, and in London, under Wood and Beecham. His output favours the large orchestral forms, and includes two symphonies, 14 preludes, poems and pictures for orchestra, an opera, 'Life's Measure,' three ballads for voices and orchestra, two String Quartets and a Suite.

Norman O'Neill (son of the well-known painter), born at Kensington (London) in 1875, has won celebrity by much ingenious dramatic music of an unusually sensitive and poetical kind. O'Neill studied in London and Frankfort. He has composed incidental music to a number of plays for the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, of which he is musical director. These include op. 11, *Hamlet* (1904), op. 36, *King Lear* (1909), and op. 37, *Blue Bird* (1909). He has also written several overtures, sets of variations, rhapsodies, suites, orchestral ballads, string trios, and a quintet.

H. Balfour Gardiner, who is already everywhere known through his orchestral picture 'Shepherd Fennel's Dance' (based on *The Three Strangers* of Hardy's Wessex Tales), devotes himself wholly to musical composition. His qualities of humour and breeziness rather than any ultra-modernist technique ensure his place with the progressives.

Born in London (1877) he studied at Charterhouse, Frankfort, and Oxford. At Frankfort he was a fellow-pupil of Cyril Scott, under tuition of Iwan Knorr who has taught numerous English composers, as for instance, Percy Grainger, Roger Quilter, and Algernon Ashton. On returning to England Balfour Gardiner became for a time Music Master of Winchester College. He afterwards settled in London. His works include an Overture and Symphony (produced at Gondershausen), an orchestral Fantasy (played by the Beecham orchestra), a Suite in A major, a String Quintet in C minor and a Quartet in one movement.

RUTLAND BOUGHTON is one of those rare spirits who believe that music is the natural inheritance of all people, and that the best that is in them can always be aroused by its means. In a word, music is no selfish possession of great masters, but the natural vehicle of joy and grief, a living tongue which all may use. The Folksongs of the world show that once this was so. To recover and re-establish the practice of music everywhere in our midst must therefore be our perpetual aim.

Born at Aylesbury (Bucks) in 1878, Boughton has spent his life in disseminating broad and vigorous doctrines in regard to art. His work has been fivefold, embracing composition, conducting, lecturing, teaching and writing. His first conspicuous success as a composer was in 1909, when a symphonic poem, 'Midnight' (for chorus and orchestra), was produced at the Birmingham Festival. Another work of similar type, 'The Invincible Armada,' came to a first hearing during the same year, at the Newcastle-on-Tyne Triennial Festival.

As teacher and conductor much of Rutland Boughton's work has been carried on in Birmingham,

both in connection with the Midland Institute, and the Triennial Festival. Latterly he has come into more real fame by the establishment of the Glastonbury Festival School, where the following original works of his composition have been produced:—'The Round Table' (music-drama), 'The Immortal Hour' (music-drama), 'The Birth of Arthur' (music-drama), 'Snow-White' (children's ballet), and 'Bethlehem.'

HAMILTON HARTY, coming from Hillsborough, County Down (Ireland), where he was born in 1879, brought with him a fresh touch and a lively Hibernian wit and imagination, which invest his compositions with colour and character. He is also a musician of parts. And from being the best accompanist in England has developed into one of our ablest conductors.

Hamilton Harty deputised as organist at his father's church, when eight years old. At twelve, he held an appointment. After a period in Dublin, spent in study with Dr. Esposito, he came to London, where his career may be said to have begun in 1900. His compositions include an Irish Symphony, a Comedy Overture, a setting of Keats' 'Ode to the Nightingale,' which the composer's wife, Madame Agnes Nicholls, sang at Cardiff Festival in 1907, and a Concerto for Violin in D minor, played by Szigeti (1909). Most popular of his orchestral works is the symphonic poem, 'With the Wild Geese,' which has been everywhere played.

CHAPTER VI.

Italy's Awakening.

ITALY has felt the full shock of the latest revolution in music, for it was precisely her ideals that were attacked. The Wagner reforms were of course primarily of the stage. And Italy's art is wholly bounded by the four walls of the theatre. Under Verdi's careless sway Opera had come to mean an ingenious string of pleasing airs and choruses of a frankly pleasurable kind, without ideal or intellectual significance of any kind, framed to the level of intelligence of the man in the street. There is always something to be said for the utility of tuneful music making no great demands upon the unskilled inexperienced hearer; but it must not be allowed to usurp the principal place in the temple of art.

It was incidental to the modern victorious gospel that it should shake the foundations of such flimsy structures as had previously passed muster as masterworks. Historically, it seems that Boito brought the first hint of such influence south of the Alps. His personal influence was probably greater than that of works like *Mefistofele*, which was coldly received by the people, and has been much overrated by the critics. The true awakening as regards Italian music must be traced to Verdi's late conversion to a more rational conception of drama. *Otello*, in 1887, gave the first indication

of this. And six years later *Falstaff* confirmed it. The two works proclaimed the complete conversion of the chief champion of the old melodious *dolce-far-niente* school. Boito shared these triumphs, since it was he who furnished the excellent libretti which Verdi used. The mushroom growths apparent in such works as *Cavalleria* (1890) and *I Pagliacci* (1892) cannot be held to have affected the real course of the musical art. That their popular success should whet the appetite of rivalry was inevitable. Luckily the public's long ears do not always prick to the counterfeit.

PUCCINI, born in 1858, of a long line of worthy musical ancestry, is first and foremost of the new Italian school. A pupil of Ponchielli, he naturally began to experiment in Opera. *Le Villi*, his first work produced at Milan in 1884, is a one-act essay of melodious design and ingenious scoring. The opera *Edgar* (founded on A. de Musset's *La coupe et les Levres*) followed five years afterwards at La Scala, Milan. The work was a dead failure; but in view of the immediate success of his next work, Puccini's career was not adversely affected. *Manon Lescaut*, produced at Turin in 1893 showed graphic power and distinct orchestral genius. Rome witnessed the *première* of the opera *Tosca* in 1900. The book, founded upon Sardou's bloodthirsty story, assisted to divert attention from the ingenuity of the music, which did not therefore advance the composer's reputation.

Madame Butterfly, a light Japanese opera of great delicacy, liveliness, and resource, put Puccini at once in the front rank of operatic composers of the day. Its advent at Milan in 1904 was remarkable for the fact of its being hissed off the stage. A few months later, Brescia turned this failure into

a ringing success. Covent Garden confirmed it in the succeeding year.

How far opera is destined to succeed in becoming the mirror of nature, the vehicle of real modern life, is still to be shown. Puccini (like Charpentier) evidently believes in it. His 'Girl of the Golden West,' for example, is simply a thrilling story torn out of the book of life and set to music in a series of lightning sketches. The composer's art fits the book like a glove. He is too alert to bother with 'leading motives', which therefore give way to characteristic and descriptive passages, as serviceable if not so logical.

The plot (founded on Belasco's drama) deals with a mining incident in the Californian gold fields, when the digging fever thrilled the world's avarice during the middle of last century. It occupied the composer for the two years before December, 1910, when it was produced in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, with Destinn, Caruso and Amato in the cast.

The score is remarkable for its variety, richness and intensity. Puccini's chief fault, if one may venture to say so quite frankly, is his tendency to sentimentality. One misses the strong lines and clear purpose which the *later* Verdi revealed. In their place we have a more conscious detail, and a richer technique. In the song of the Homestead —a considerable popular hit—is the clue to the romance. In a mining camp anything that takes the attention away from the lust of gold seems romance. The Bible lesson conducted by the landlady of the Polka Inn, the rough dance (to most elegant unaccompanied vocal music), and the final hue and cry after the hero, who is a kind of Turpin redivivus, pass swiftly before the eye; and Puccini makes their dramatic unfolding quite

unmistakable, every emotional point being seized upon and rendered again with tenfold significance. The conversion of Johnson from a highwayman into respectability somehow rather shakes the interest of the story. Robin Hood in his own element is one thing. Converted to Lollardy or any kind of civilised dealings with society he loses differential flavour. Without the greenwood, and all men's pockets at his disposal, his vogue is gone. And so it is with Johnson. He passes out of the story, leading Minnie with him, while the miners—who were longing to shoot him a few minutes before—reformed, respectable, are no longer of any mortal interest to the drama. And one is left wondering 'does the good book of life necessarily make a tolerable book of the opera?'

Among contemporary Italian composers prominent are Giordano and Cilèa. The former has numerous operas to his credit. Born at Foggia in 1867, UMBERTO GIORDANO'S first successful opera was 'Marina' produced in 1889. This was followed by 'Mala Vita' (Rome, 1892), 'Regina Diaz' (Rome, 1894), and 'Andrea Chénier' (Milan, 1896). More successful than these was 'Fédora,' founded on Sardou's play, produced at Milan in 1898, and given at Covent Garden in 1906. 'Siberia' and 'Marcella' followed at Milan (1904, 1907).

FRANCESCO CILÈA, born at Palmi (Calabria) in 1867, brought out his first opera, 'Gina in Naples' (1889). Others which have assisted in establishing the composer's reputation for light and graceful work, well-scored and melodious, include 'Tilda' (Florence, 1892), 'L'Arlesiana' (Milan, 1897), 'Adriana Lecouvreur'—book by Scribe—(Milan, 1902; Covent Garden, 1904).

E. WOLF-FERRARI, whose extremely successful opera 'The Jewels of the Madonna' shows him to be in close touch with the spirit of the time, wrote for the stage in his teens.

Born in Venice in 1876, he was for a period self-taught. In his fourteenth year he successfully produced the opera 'La Sulamita' in his native city. He took up systematic study with Rheinberger at Munich in 1893. Here he spent three years. Venice became his headquarters once more in 1902 when he was appointed director of the *Liceo Benedetto Marcello*, a post he filled for seven years. His opera 'Cererentola' was produced in Venice in 1900. 'Le Donne curiose' (*Die neugierigen Frauen*) came out at Munich in 1903. In the same year, Wolf-Ferrari's oratorio "La Vita Nuova' (after Dante) made its first appearance. Other works by this gifted composer include the *Sinfonia da Camera* in B flat, a Violin Sonata (op. 1), and the Piano Quintet in D flat (op. 6).

An art, like a human being, is practically dead when it ceases to look forward. That is precisely the quarter whence comes our hope and strength. 'Our thoughts create the future,' as Anatole France divined. Thither goes the army of youth, genius and beauty, ever seeking new fields and opportunities. Music, a much more complex medium of sensation than speech, moves swiftly onwards, with Nature as her companion and guide, reaching to a whole-tone system, a wider harmonic scheme, subtler rhythms, a truer dramatic sense, fresher instrumental technique, with strange hints of a brand new quarter-tone scale looming in the background, which shall someday topple over all previous music.

How far the coming music will mix with the teeming life, and its noise of tramways, taxis, syrens, motors, aeroplanes and air-ships, cannot be foretold.

The Florentine group, led by Russuolo and and Marinetti, is already employing snorters, buzzers, hooters, screamers, &c., with a view to shocking pre-conceived notions of music, by a bald return to sheer noise. Out of such chaos something useful will emerge. Why should we doubt it?

And the fact that the sister arts of poetry and painting are passing through almost similar phases, shows that there is something of a new world-idea in the air. Pratella's extraordinary concerts in Rome find some parallel in the *vers libre* of Kahn, Stuart Merrill, and Verhaeren, or the *Cubist* doctrines of Matisse and Picasso. The attempt to reconcile life and art has something to do with it. And old ideals are ousted for the actual.

CHAPTER VII.

Finland and Sibelius.

SIBELIUS' remarkable individual success as a composer has made one almost imagine that Finnish music began with him. But Finland has cultivated music for at least seven centuries. The KALEVALA epic, and the KANTELETAR lays remind us that Finnish folk-poetry had its roots in mediævalism. The wave of modern progress has rescued a harvest of folk-music in the *Suomen Kansan Savelmia* printed just a quarter of a century ago. Bernard Crusell (1775–1838) was Finland's first recognisable composer. Fredrik Pacius (of German birth) became the first Professor of Music in Helsingfors University in 1834. He was a pupil of Spohr, and founded the school of which Sibelius is the chief ornament. Pacius was an operatic composer of distinction. But his real achievement lay in bringing together a group of earnest workers who were to carry forward the gospel of art far beyond individual reach. Amongst his pupils and friends were Karl Collan (or Kollan), Wasemius, Felip Schantz, Richard Faltin (professor, after Pacius, in Helsingfors University) and Martin Wegelius. It was Wegelius,* conductor, teacher, composer and author (at one time pupil of Richter) who was Sibelius' first master, at the Helsingfors Institute, which he had founded.

* Wegelius also taught Busoni.

JEAN SIBELIUS was born in 1865 at Tavastihus, Finland. After a short spell of Law, his musical proclivities began to assert themselves. His first regular studies were with Wegelius at the Institute. He then went to Becker in Berlin, and afterwards to Goldmark in Vienna. Returning, he was appointed Principal of the Conservatorium in Helsingfors. An annuity, granted him by the Senate, enabled him to enter the lists of composition with fearless ambition.

Sibelius has well justified the confidence reposed in him. His achievement is already considerable; and Finland is famous wherever music's friends foregather.

His Symphonies, Suites, and Songs all display a fertile imagination, an ardent temperament and a spontaneous use of his native folksong. The four symphonies, and the Tone-poems 'Finlandia' and 'Ein Saga,' together with the 'Carelia' Overture and Suite, are among his most representative works.

CHAPTER VIII.

American Music.

AMERICAN composers are steadily developing their natural genius in the direction of a national school. The song-writers especially show a definite striving after the realisation in sound of a noble order of poetry. The bald rag-time rhythms are being discarded in favour of more artistic devices. And the orchestra is making its wholesome influence felt throughout the land. American opera, too, is a thing to reckon with; though as regards original work in this matter, it is still the day of small things.

Edward Alexander MacDowell was born in New York in 1861. After some preliminary work with Buitrago and Carreño, he visited Europe, spending three years under Marmontel and Savard at the Paris Conservatoire, and another and shorter period with Raff at Frankfort. MacDowell held the post of principal professor of pianoforte playing at Darmstadt Conservatoire. This however failed to satisfy his ambition, and in 1882 he visited Liszt at Weimar. Some of his compositions came to a hearing at Zurich about this time. After four years in Wiesbaden, Macdowell returned to his native country, settling down for eight years serious work in Boston, Mass. (1888–1896). He then accepted the onerous post of professor of Columbia University, the duties of which he discharged

during the period 1896–1904, after which his health broke down. In 1905 brain disease attacked him, and prematurely closed a career of considerable achievement. MacDowell's works number fifty-four (op. 9 to 62, the first eight numbers having been destroyed). These include the two piano concertos in A minor and D minor (op. 15 and 23); three poems for orchestra—'Hamlet and Ophelia,' 'Lancelot and Elaine,' and 'Lamia'; 'The Saracens and Lovely Alda' (from *The Song of Roland*); two orchestral suites; a Romance for 'cello and orchestra; and the four piano sonatas—Tragica, Eroica, Norse, and Keltic.

Macdowell has eclipsed all others of his countrymen by the confident world-wide appeal of certain of his romantic works, of which the Indian Suite and the piano concertos are good examples.

CHARLES MARTIN LOEFFLER, born at Mulhausen (Alsace), in 1861, became a pupil of Joachim, Guiraud and Kiel. He played for a time in Pasdeloup's Orchestra, and later in that of Prince Dervier at Nice and Lugano, where he was associated with César Thomson.

He migrated to New York, and afterwards to Boston (Mass.) where he played in the symphony orchestra for twenty-one years from 1882. His compositions, which show some affinity to the French school, include five symphonic poems—namely:—La mort de Tintagiles, Les viellées de l'Ukraine, Avant que tu ne t'en ailles, Villanelle du diable, A Pagan poem, a sextet, an octet, violin works, and numerous songs.

HORATIO WILLIAM PARKER, born in 1863, at Auberndale, near Boston, is one of the most considerable of living American composers. He

studied with G. W. Chadwick and for three years from 1881 with Rheinberger in the Hochschule at Munich. His forbears were of 17th century English extraction. His father was an architect, his mother a clergyman's daughter. She had the unusual distinction of collaborating with her famous son. Young Parker began music at 14, and in due time became America's principal Church musician. After eight years in New York, where he taught counterpoint in the National Conservatoire, in 1894 under Dvorak's direction, he was promoted to the professorship of Yale University. Here, besides establishing orchestral and choral concerts, he found time to compose some of his best works.

He came to England in 1899, and conducted his masterpiece—'Hora Novissima'*—at the Worcester Festival. The scholarly and effective work, founded on Bernard de Morlaix's text (translated by Mrs. Parker) has traversed the civilised world. 'The Wanderer's Psalm' was produced at Hereford Festival in the following year. And in 1901, Parker won the Paderewski prize with a cantata entitled 'A Star Song,' and was created Doctor in Music *honoris causa* by Cambridge University.

Worcester and Bristol Festivals shared the honour of producing Parker's 'Legend of S. Christopher' in 1902. So far, about one hundred important works are to the composer's credit. Besides those already mentioned are these :—

Concert Overture in E flat (1883).
Symphony in C minor (Munich, 1885).
Quartet for Strings in F major.
Scherzo for Orchestra (Munich, 1884).
Harold Harfagar, Chorus and Orchestra (New York, 1891).

* Produced in New York (1893).

The Dream King and his Love, Cantata (1893).
The Holy Child, Christmas Cantata (1893).
Quintet in D minor for Strings.
A Northern Ballad for Orchestra (Boston).
Concerto for Organ and Orchestra (1892).
Symphonic Poem for Orchestra (Op. 56).

JOHN ALDEN CARPENTER was born at Park Ridge, Ill., in 1876. His first lessons, however, were given by his mother, Eliza Green Carpenter, a fine musician and singer who took the boy in hand at five years of age. Later Carpenter studied with Amy Fay, W. C. E. Seeboeck, Edward Elgar and Bernhard Ziehn. His chief works are songs and chamber music, including an excellent sonata for violin and piano.

CHAPTER IX.

Remodelling of Musical Form.

Beethoven developed the symphonic form to such comprehensive breadth, and filled it with such unprecedentedly various and ravishing melody, that we stand to-day before the Symphony of Beethoven as before the stone that marks the boundary of an entirely new period in the general history of art; for in it there came into the world a phenomenon, not even approached by the art of any other age or nation. For in his symphony, musical instruments speak a language of which no one in any preceding age had any knowledge, inasmuch as its pure, musical expression enchains the hearer (with a lasting effect hitherto unknown) in the most marvellously varied shades of tone, and touches our inmost nature with an appeal that no other art can match.

Richard Wagner.

IN the remodelling of musical form, which is rapidly proceeding, several important issues seem certain. In the sonata form, for example, the old repetitions in the statement and recapitulation must be regarded as superseded. The demarcations in statement, development and final summary are practically swept away. It may now be asserted that the second movement, where there is one, will be a Scherzo. Some connection between the several movements is further become an essential. Rondo movements, owing to their superficial character are being left in the cold; and while it is impossible to gauge the trend in the direction of *number* of movements in this same form, there can be no doubt that unity of conception is not being lost sight of.

Oratorio, in spite of a few successful examples to the contrary, seems at a low ebb. The composers are in the dilemma of not knowing where to turn for a libretto, a matter in which they get no help from the poets—since religious poems seem quite out of court. A closer communion with the drama has only accentuated the deadlock. It was formerly customary to select random verses from the Bible, stringing them together in some sort of storied sequence; but this method is scarcely in favour with composers of to-day. The natural solution, and one that Wagner's 'Parsifal' points to, is a return to the earlier conception of Oratorio as sacred drama—that is—Oratorio with full action, scenery and costumery.*

Meanwhile, Opera is sounding the whole gamut of possibilities in regard to both subject and treatment. Russia, Italy and France, like the rest of the world, are agreed in one thing, and that is that the day of set numbers is over and gone. Without continuity there can be no real Opera. With the recognition of that little fact the whole fabric of Opera became reconstituted. Again, once the string of lyrics (which had long usurped the place of dramatic music) became disturbed, enforced attention was paid to both plot and words, which are now allowed to be of integral importance. Operatic composers fully recognise the importance of orchestral excellence; for with the emancipation of the underlying action, and the discouragement of sustained lyrical effort, the necessity of first-rate instrumental texture in the score is of increased consequence.

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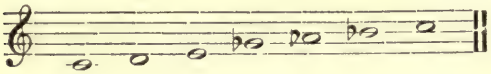
* The 'Elijah' in the Moody-Manners stage-version was an interesting experiment in testing public prejudice.

Symphonies are slowly but decidedly recovering prestige, after the contempt they had fallen into. It is doubtful, however, whether the form (as a form) will ever again enjoy the vogue once its own. The reason of this is not far to seek. The quick growth of the one-movement Symphonic piece has supplanted it. The concert Overture was the first hint of a new development; The Symphonic Poem was its crowning issue Berlioz, Liszt and Smetana were first in the field which has since yielded so rich a harvest. All these men understood the highest expression of FORM as revealed in Beethoven's later Sonatas, Symphonies, Quartets and Trios. In seeking a new outlet they were paying the older master a compliment, in the sense of putting away the old preposterous weapon, which none but a mighty hero could wield.

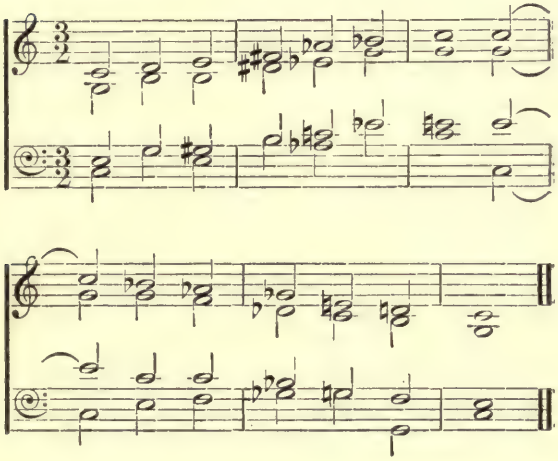
The process of reconstruction begins with melody itself, and gradually reacts upon the whole harmonic basis of music. Take for example the old and new conceptions of THEME. In the classical period, a Sonata theme at its first appearance was in full bloom of perfect form: one had its whole revelation straight off. Development brought it no greater assertion: rather was it usual to cut it into sections and exhibit its generative capacity piecemeal. Modern practice, based perhaps on the model of Tristan, is inclined to a reverse process. A definite theme (supposing there is one) would more naturally grow to its full development towards the middle, or even the close of a movement. Nor is it so usual to cut it into fragments, though the impression of such process is sometimes produced by a spontaneous imitation in figurative texture. In other words, the pattern spreads from the main design to its smaller parts, as the warp and the weft resemble the web.

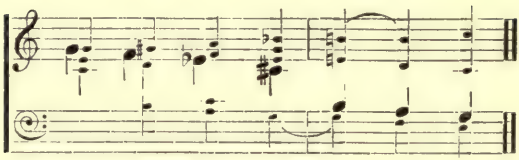
But melody, by means of the systematic use of the whole tone scale :—



(still vaguely tabulated in our Dictionaries as the JARVAN scale) by Debussy and his followers, has been made to yield a whole gamut of supremely rich and remarkable results.

The plainest harmonisation of this scale yields some novelty :—



As an inner part, the scale can almost be concealed in a common series of chords :—

Schubert's well-known use of the scale in the great C major Symphony* occurs so naturally as to suggest that it may perchance be discovered much earlier—if not in the works of Venosa, Rore, Banchieri or Vicentino, at least in Bach or Mozart. Experiment has loosened all the bonds which the normal scale imposed upon the harmonic system.

In the matter of rhythm, music is everywhere growing young again. Dance rhythms are restored once more to respect. The slow rhythmless droning themes are discarded even by the organ. It has been suggested by one writer that Wagner's outlook was decidedly limited in this matter. But as it was he who championed the cause of unrestricted rhythm, the charge is not only groundless but ingrate. No man can exhaust rhythm. But no musician ever employed it in such variety as Wagner. That a great number of new rhythms will be invented is certain. It is even possible that the very view we challenge may, in time to come, become established. But that time certainly is not yet.

Not the least welcome reform is the freer use of instruments and voices.

Handel and Beethoven foreshadowed the Choral symphony which now may mean a Symphony for

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* See also *Musical Times* (Jan. 1914) article by H. C. Colles.

voices alone, as with Bantock, or a Symphony for soli, chorus and orchestra, as with Mahler, Vaughan-Williams and others. There is also some hint that the smaller combinations, so useful in every modest-sized concert room, will return to favour. Some of the recent works of Reger and Delius suggests so much. Oratorio in its slow revival will develop in the direction of increased dramatic significance. It may also be assumed that the decorative and epic styles will return with a new technique.

Opera will need to be born again, as regards this country at least. That it has a great future in store who can doubt; but provincial amateurs (to say the least) are barely prepared for its awakening; even supposing that our entrepreneurs be ready to launch it.

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